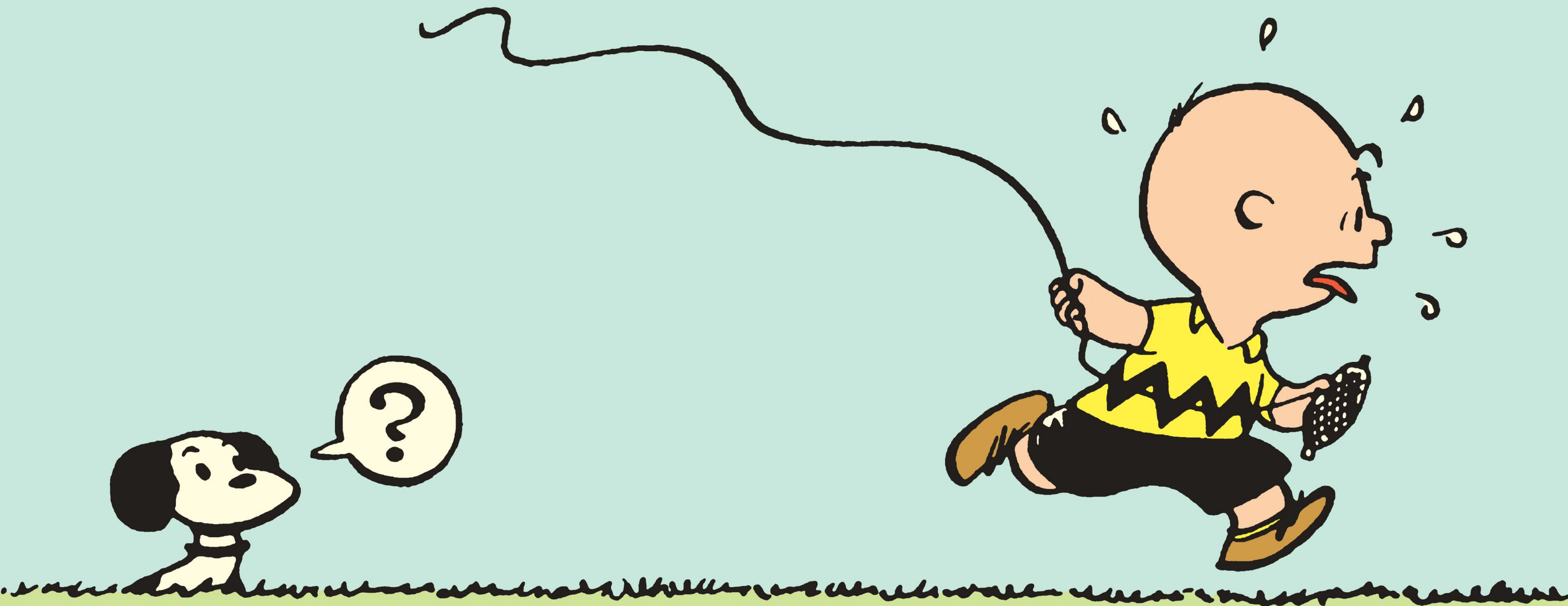


PEANUTS EVERY SUNDAY by Charles M. Schulz **1952-1955**



SCREECH!!



HA!!



PEANUTS

Every Sunday

1952 - 1955

by Charles M. Schulz

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, INC.

PEANUTS EVERY SUNDAY: 1952-1955 by Charles M. Schulz

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

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I've made a lot of mistakes down through the years doing things I never should have done. But fortunately, in a comic strip, yesterday doesn't mean anything. The only thing that matters is today and tomorrow.

— Charles Schulz to Gary Groth

From "At 3 O'clock in the Morning," in *The Comics Journal* #200 (December 1997)



PEANUTS: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow



JONATHAN ROSENBAUM

It was one thing to read Sunday color *Peanuts* comic strips from 1952 to 1955 at the rate of one per week, when they came out — and not only because they would have wound up in the trash like the rest of the Sunday paper, long before my brothers and I went to sleep that night. And it's quite another thing to read them all today, piled together in the present volume, one after the other, seven or eight panels at a time, as if they're the successive chapters of an ongoing serial — or maybe just the latest portions of an endless white picket fence that stretches toward some version of infinity or eternity (or at least roughly half a century of dependable continuity, in any case).

It's likely that I saw a good many of these strips between the ages of eight and thirteen. If the Birmingham paper my family had delivered each morning had carried the preceding weekday black and white *Peanuts* strips that started fifteen months earlier, shortly after I entered the first grade, my curiosity as an early reader might have brought me to a few of them, even though I'm fairly sure I wouldn't have understood any of the jokes — if jokes, indeed, are what those enigmatic exchanges and incidents consisted of. I'm confident, in any case, that whenever I first encountered *Peanuts*, the full extent of my curiosity never went beyond the issue of what these kids with beach-ball heads were

saying, thinking and/or doing that particular week. And, at least in the world of *Peanuts* as I understood it even then, saying and thinking was at least as important as doing, and maybe even indistinguishable from the latter.

The near-equivalence between thinking, saying and doing is surely an important part of what made *Peanuts* different from the strips surrounding it. But it might be equally instructive to inquire what some of the common traits were between *Peanuts* and some of its Sunday morning siblings. The notion of a world ruled largely by an authoritative, sometimes bossy female was arguably a common trait in *Blondie*, *Bringing Up Father* (more popularly known as *Jiggs and Maggie*), *The Katzenjammer Kids*, *Li'l Abner* (as ruled by Mammy Yokum), and *Mary Worth* — in contrast, say, to *Barney Google and Snuffy Smith*, *Dick Tracy*, *Gasoline Alley*, *Little Orphan Annie* and *Mutt and Jeff*. It's worth adding, however, that the dominance of Lucy over Charlie Brown wasn't as apparent at the beginning, while she was still just a tyke, as it would become later — even though an older girl, a redhead named Patty, would already anticipate some of her traits (in contrast to the usually more sweet-tempered Violet), and Lucy herself would grow up so quickly that she would soon put her youthful subservience behind her.



In 1975, her creator, Charles Schulz, pointed out, "As the strip progressed from the fall of the year 1950, the characters began to change. Charlie Brown was a flippant little guy, who soon turned into the loser he is known as today. This was the first of the formulas to develop. Formulas are truly the backbone of the comic strip. In fact, they are probably the backbone of any continuing entertainment." He added that, among the other characters, Lucy had already developed at least part of her fussbudget personality during the first year of the strip, inspired by some of the traits of his oldest daughter, Meredith. Furthermore, "Snoopy was the slowest to develop, and it was his eventually walking around on two feet that turned him into a lead character. It has certainly been difficult to keep him from taking over the feature."

In the early appearances of Snoopy, it often isn't clear if Schulz is postulating a dog who thinks he's human, a human who thinks he's a dog, or some perpetual, seesawing arrangement between these two peculiar mismatches. Eventually, one might postulate that he evolves into some version of all three; Schulz acknowledged in 1975 that his "appearance and personality have changed probably more than those of any of the other characters." But for the Italian semiotologist Umberto Eco, he is simply a dog who can't

accept being a dog — an animal who "carries to the last metaphysical frontier the neurotic failure to adjust."

On Halloween, 1952, we see him sporting a fright mask to accompany two boys under bed sheets, and proving to be just as ineffectual as they are when it comes to scaring Lucy. The previous week, we saw him dancing some sort of hornpipe to the classical strains of Schroeder's toy piano, then brooding and sulking afterwards about Charlie, Schroeder and Patty leaving him alone rather than inviting him over to spend the night — and then defiantly entering his humble doghouse to watch TV in order to "prove" he doesn't need their company anyway. Or does he?

In mid-February 1953, he thinks he outsmarts Lucy when he devours two of her cookies while she goes away to answer the doorbell, then winds up baffled when she figures it out afterwards, despite her eccentric and seemingly chaotic method of counting. And five weeks later, Schulz combines two of Snoopy's specialties, dance and consuming human food — dancing his hornpipe to Schroeder's rendition of Modest Moussorgsky's "Hopak," then becoming miffed when he gets banished to the kitchen at lunchtime, only to discover, after Lucy brings him "three kinds of sandwiches" and "a salad, cake, ice cream

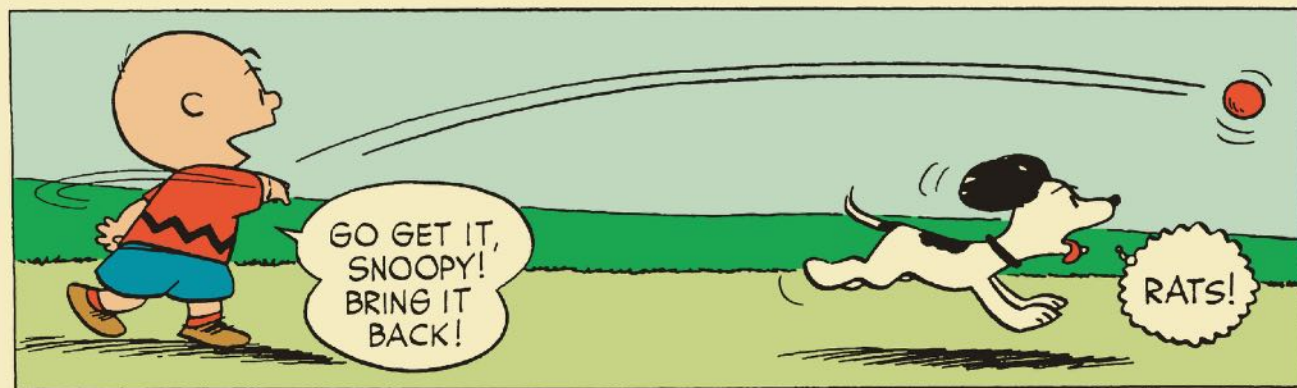
and hot chocolate" — so much human food, in fact, that two separate dialogue bubbles are required to accommodate Lucy's list. This leads him to conclude (but to himself only), "Pride is a foolish thing!"

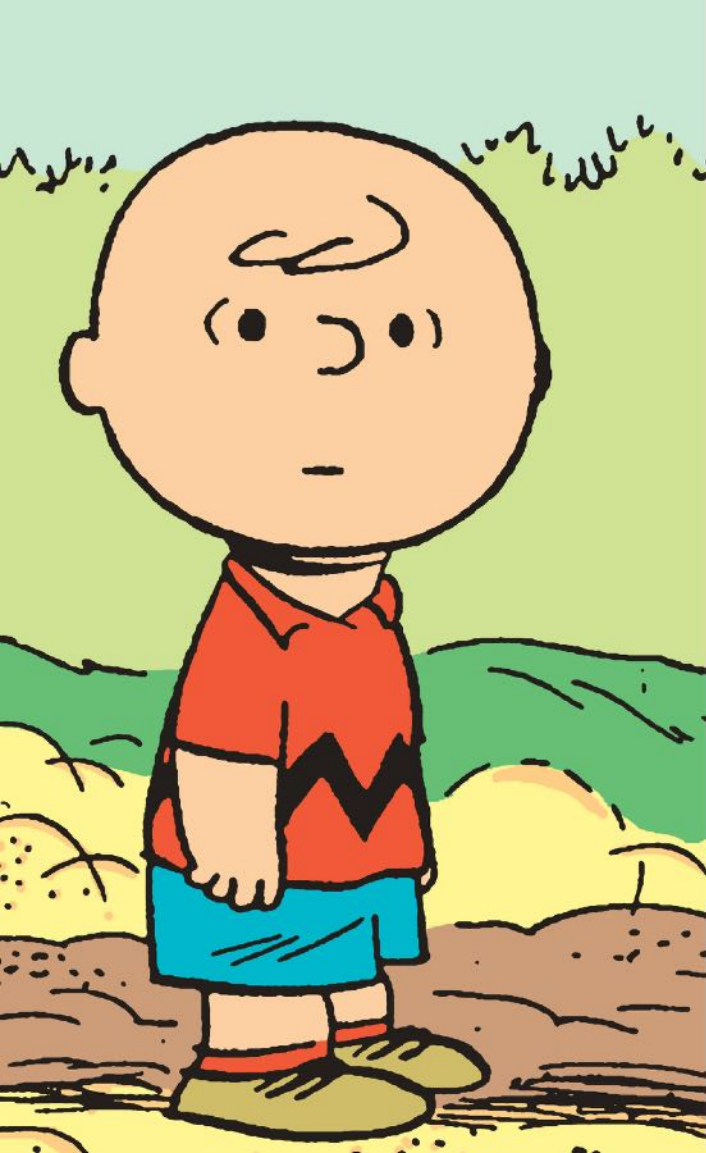
Consider the multiple forms of fantasy conceit that Schulz manages to shoehorn into the latter strip: Schroeder performing "Hopak" (and on a toy piano, no less); Snoopy performing his dance (again, at the request of Charlie Brown); five kids including Linus clapping their encouragement without any signs of amazement about either feat (four of them barking out, "Hey!" for rhythmic emphasis); Lucy explaining to Snoopy why he has to go to the kitchen and then, as he sulkily starts to head for home instead, delivering a veritable banquet to him (neither act impossible, but both highly unlikely in most of the worlds we're familiar with); Snoopy undergoing querulous resentment about not being treated like a human before being startled and then placated by a bounty of human food, which leads to some philosophical self-deprecation. And Snoopy's taste for human food — not only cookies, sandwiches, salad, cake, ice cream and hot chocolate, but also candy three weeks later and bread the following week — clearly functions as an obsessive theme, perhaps in part because, like TV and choreography, it implies a kind of membership in the human race, although his desire to become a member gets expressed

only privately, to himself. (Presumably and peculiarly, his talent for both dancing and playing Trick or Treat are viewed by the kids as more proper canine attributes; and if Snoopy ever expresses his feelings of maladjustment to other animals, we don't hear about it.)

In short, more than a few impossibilities coupled with several highly unlikely human and nonhuman responses are in full operation here, yet we can accept all of them as naturally and as effortlessly as if we were watching a string of quite ordinary events. In a similar fashion, we don't really care about the fact that Snoopy's doghouse carries a TV antenna while the unseen TV set inside apparently functions without an electric cord, even though the pool of luminosity spilling out of the doghouse interior is every bit as bright as the crescent moon in the sky. And we're not even encouraged to ask whether Snoopy's Halloween mask was suggested and/or provided by Charlie Brown, or whether he managed to acquire it and/or put it on following his own initiative.

Later, in September 1953, we see him self-consciously and mischievously smile, grin, turn his head, flip upside down and frown in front of Charlie Brown's camera, then laugh at his photographer's exasperation. But then, a week later, we see him failing in his effort to imitate Lucy in gracefully going down a playground slide. And a week after that, we see him trying to behave like an ordinary dog by growling at a bird, then chasing after





it and barking until he's eventually gasping with exhaustion — at which point the bird yawns and Snoopy sighs at all this wasted effort. Yet apart from his recurring hornpipes and a few other passing fancies — such as his skipping rope with Lucy in separate strips in May and July 1955 — we don't yet see Snoopy walking around on two feet very often in this early phase of *Peanuts*, and when he does (as in one of the black and white dailies in November 1955, when he's trotting that way behind Lucy), Charlie Brown warns him that he's asking for trouble. Once he fully enters a world of his own, however, his trouble will become more metaphysical or philosophical than social — as it sometimes does for Charlie Brown, in spite of his own everyday humiliations.

How does Schulz do it? The testimony of one fantasy-driven filmmaker about another — independent writer-director Sara Driver speaking to me in an interview a few years ago — suggests one important clue: “You know, I’m such a lover of Jacques Tourneur’s films, and I remember reading about him and how if you anchor things in a sense of reality, you can go anywhere from there.” This becomes especially true when a sense of reality is grounded in a solid grasp of character, so that the reality of, say, a frigid, newlywed Serbian fashion artist (Simone Simon) in *Cat People* (1942) and quite a few non-zombies in *I Walked with a Zombie* (1943), Tourneur’s first two pictures for Val Lewton — like that of Driver’s schizophrenic heroine in *You Are Not I* (1981) and a schleppey and lazy jazz musician in *When Pigs Fly* (1993) — enables us to accept many kinds of outlandishness in those films (such as a heroine who switches bodies with her sane sister, or a dog belonging to the jazz musician who has jazz dreams of his own, featuring other musical dogs). And the reality of Charlie Brown, Lucy, Schroeder, Linus, Patty, and yes, even Snoopy — and, most of all, the shifting and volatile emotions of these characters, human or canine — allows Schulz to get us to accept any number of absurdities, anomalies, inconsistencies and strategic absences (starting with the nonappearance of adults) involving what they say, think, and do, even (and maybe even especially) when all three of these activities get collapsed into one.

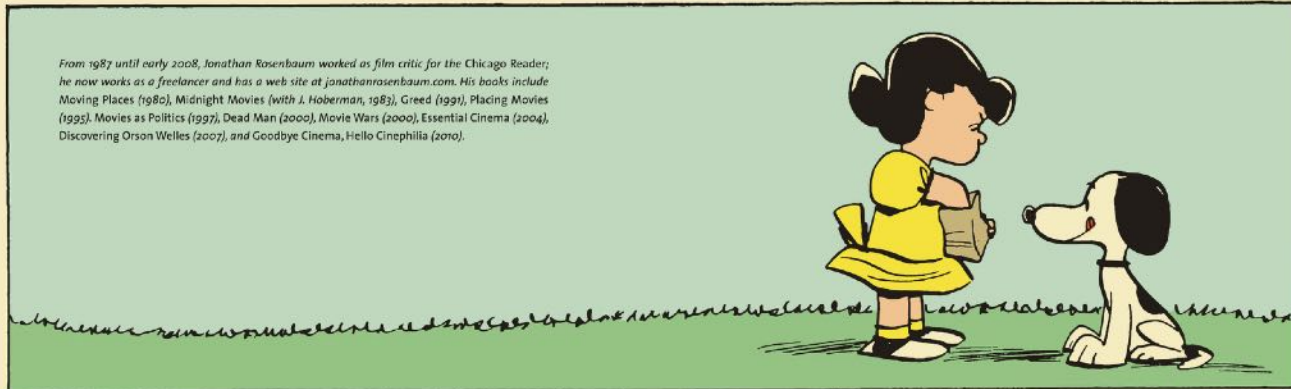
A lifelong movie fan, Schulz occasionally referred to the “camera angles” in his strips, despite the absence of any camera, to describe his habitually adopted eye-level angle of vision. His main filmic reference points were obviously American — William Wellman’s *Beau Geste* (1939), Orson Welles’s *Citizen Kane* (1941), Norman Foster’s *Davy Crockett: King of the Wild Frontier* (after the 1955 release of this live-action Walt Disney adventure set off a national craze in coonskin hats, occasioning one of Schulz’s infrequent excursions into the topical), along with Laurel and Hardy and many Saturday matinee serials. But if any cinematic cross-references are helpful in

getting at Schulz's style and vision, one could argue that, in at least a few respects, the late films of Yasujiro Ozu come closer to the mark — without forgetting that Ozu himself was such a fanatical devotee of Hollywood (as evidenced even by the movie posters glimpsed on the domestic walls of his characters) that his sharpest critic, Shigehiko Hasumi, has pointed out that even the weather in Ozu's movies is closer to that of Southern California than to the more drizzly weather of Japan. Obviously, Ozu's characters encompassed more than small fry, but the minimalistic canvas of their everyday domestic events and rituals, the repeated use over decades of the same actors (as a rough equivalent to Schulz's reliance on the same characters), the same low and eye-level "camera angles" and the quiet and deadly slow burns and petty frustrations of family and neighborhood entanglements all suggest some of the same habits and preoccupations.

Where Ozu and Schulz decisively part company is in how they cope with fantasy — not at all in the case of Ozu, who adheres strictly to the familiar and the feasible, and so frequently and integrally in the case of Schulz that it sometimes becomes hard to separate the fantasy conceits from the everyday emblems and rituals. The minimalistic canvas tends to equalize all the elements in Schulz's universe, including all the elemental traits, so that inexpressiveness

and expressiveness are less than an inch apart, and fullness and emptiness can sometimes be no less difficult to separate. Even while objecting to some of the cuteness and debilitating "good taste" of *Peanuts* in a 1959 essay, critic Donald Phelps conceded that "Charles Schulz may be the most accomplished master of blankness in contemporary art since Mark Rothko drifted onto the scene with his filets of Grand Canyon. He can fluff out an almost gagless strip with dogs and children doing tumble-weed dances. (This has produced some of his funniest panels: those featuring his best character, Charlie Brown's dog, Snoopy.) He posts his characters against great swatches and band-aids of empty space and a little stubby grass, so that the vapid doodling of figures takes on the deadpan suggestiveness which perked up Buster Keaton's fascination for so many years." As Eco reminds us, Charlie Brown is an epic hero who is invariably referred to by his whole name, even by his unseen mother, so the coexistence of small events against those great swatches and Band-Aids is part of what makes his world seem so real to us — that is, tiny from a cosmic vantage point yet vast from the close quarters of our childish perspective. It's this sense of relativity that remained with Schulz at the same time that his characters and their predilections were still being shaped, and this amused and evenly balanced distance remains fundamental to his wit. ■

From 1987 until early 2008, Jonathan Rosenbaum worked as film critic for the *Chicago Reader*; he now works as a freelancer and has a web site at jonathanrosenbaum.com. His books include *Moving Places* (1980), *Midnight Movies* (with J. Hoberman, 1983), *Greed* (1991), *Placing Movies* (1995), *Movies as Politics* (1997), *Dead Man* (2000), *Movie Wars* (2000), *Essential Cinema* (2004), *Discovering Orson Welles* (2007), and *Goodbye Cinema, Hello Cinephilia* (2010).



BOY! WHAT A
RECEPTION!

ARF

ARF!

ARF

ARF

ARF

ARF!

ARF

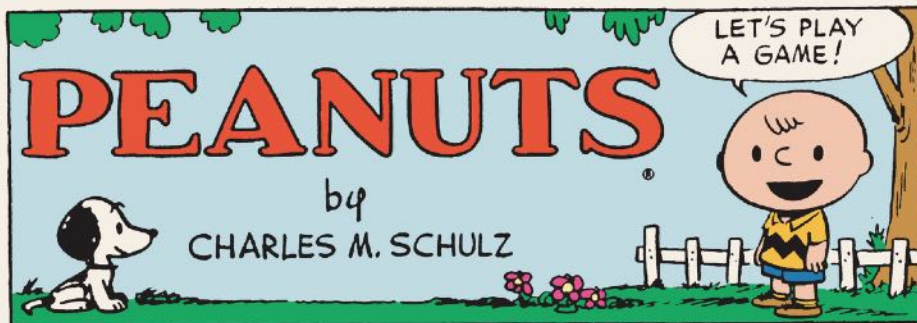
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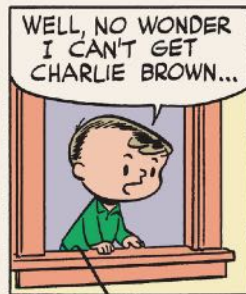
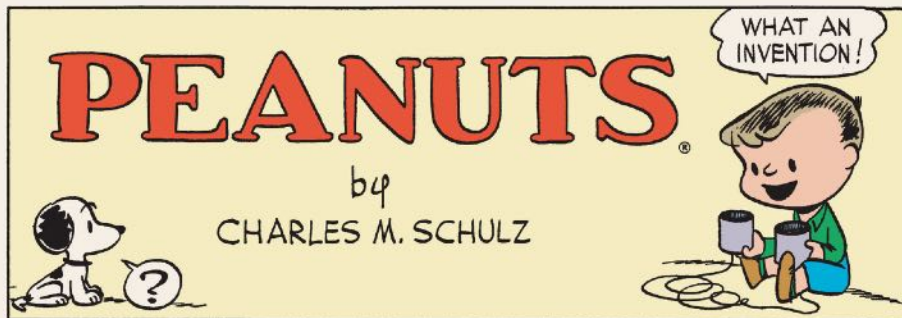


PEANUTS

Every Sunday

1952 - 1955





PEANUTS®

by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

READY?

ONE, TWO, THREE,
FOUR, FIVE

NINETY-EIGHT, NINETY-NINE,
ONE HUNDRED!

WE'RE THE BEST
ROPE JUMPERS IN
THIS COUNTRY!

WE'RE THE BEST
IN THE
WHOLE WORLD!

YOU GIRLS MAKE ME TIRED
WITH ALL YOUR
BRAGGING!

WHY, I KNOW SOMEONE WHO'S TWICE
AS GOOD AS BOTH OF YOU!

POOR CHARLIE
BROWN! HE'S LOST
HIS MIND!

ONE THOUSAND AND ONE... ONE THOUSAND
AND TWO... ONE THOUSAND AND THREE...

SCHULZ

PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

LET'S PLAY "BLIND
MAN'S BUFF"!

I'VE NEVER HEARD
OF THE GAME...

YOU'VE NEVER
HEARD OF "BLIND
MAN'S BUFF"?!?

THIS GAME IS
RIGHT DOWN
YOUR ALLEY!

THAT'S GOOD...
AT LEAST I'LL
BE NEAR HOME!

NOW WE SPIN YOU
AROUND,.....AN' AWAY
YOU GO!

WHEE!

?

?

DON'T TRIP OVER
THAT ROCK!

?

TOO
LATE!

LOOK OUT FOR
THE TREES!

WHAT TREES?

BUMP!

WE'D BETTER TAKE
THE BLINDFOLD
OFF!

HE'LL
KILL
HIMSELF!

WHY ARE WE STOPPING?
THAT WAS FUN!

WHEW!

SCHULZ

PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

PUT THAT BOARD
RIGHT OVER HERE!

O.K., SHERMY, LET'S HOP TO
IT...NO GOLDBRICKING ON
THIS JOB!!

NO, NOT
WITH HER
AROUND

BRING THE REST OF THE
LUMBER OVER HERE...ON
THE DOUBLE!!

WHEW!
I'M READY
TO DROP..

ALL RIGHT, CHARLIE
BROWN...PUT THAT
BEAM IN PLACE!

I THOUGHT
I HEARD THE
DINNER BELL...

LET'S GO, YOU GUYS!!
TRY TO WORK FASTER!

THAT GIRL SHOULD
BE IN CHARGE OF
THE SALT MINES!!
LOOK OUT FOR
MY HAND!

WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH SAWING,
CHARLIE BROWN, YOU CAN START
IN PAINTING!

WHEW!

GASP
GASP

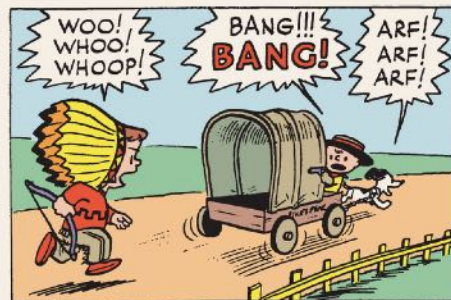
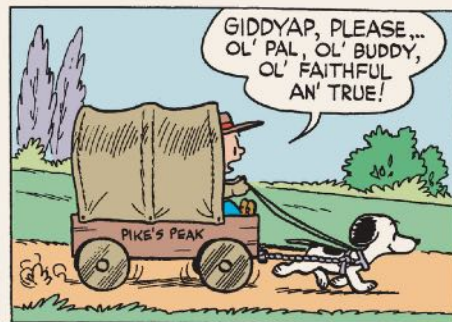
WELL, THAT
FINISHES IT!

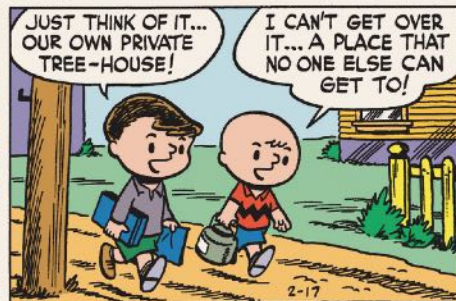
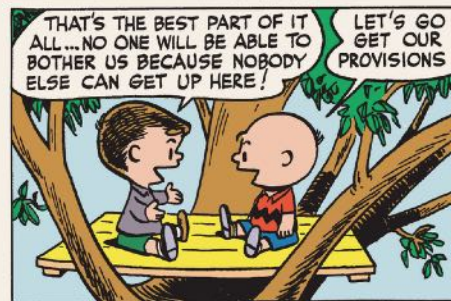
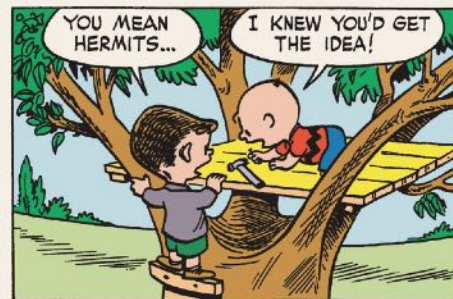
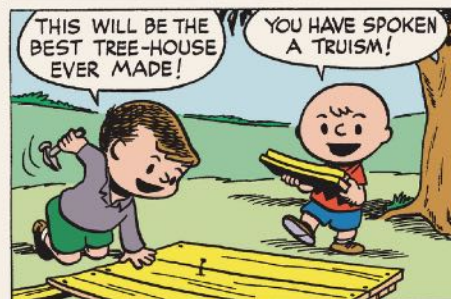
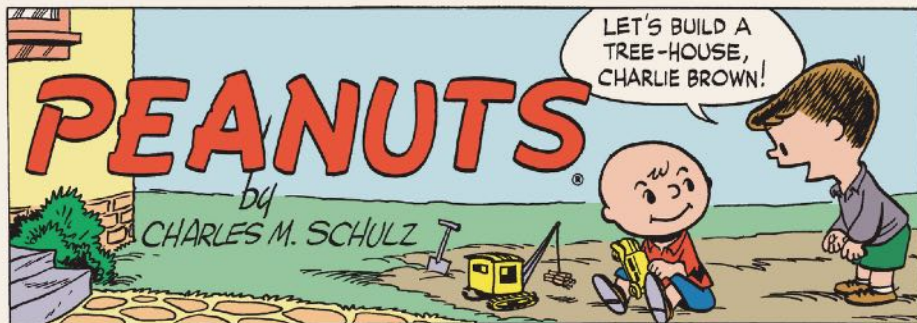
I'LL GET
THE SIGNS

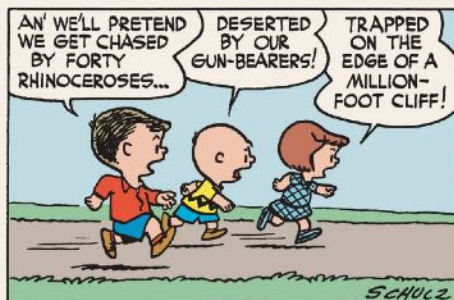
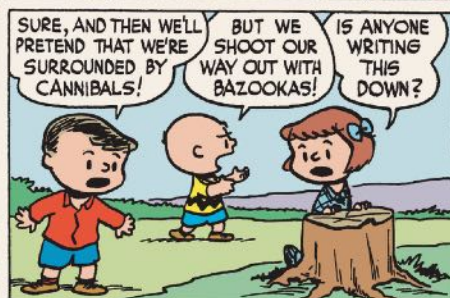
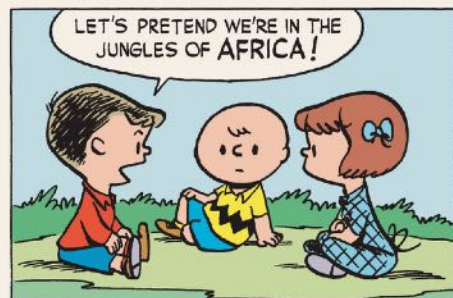
GIRLS' CLUB

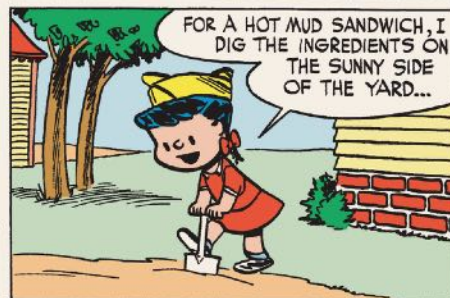
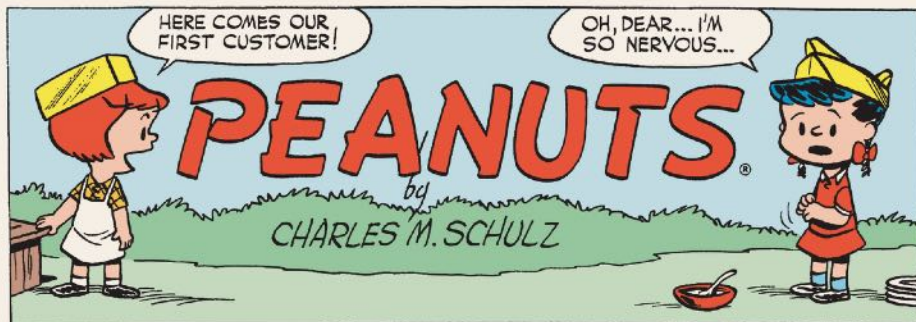
NO
BOYS
ALLOWED

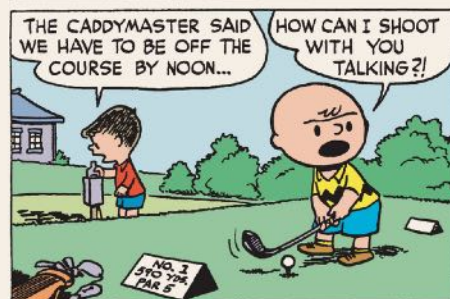
SCHULZ

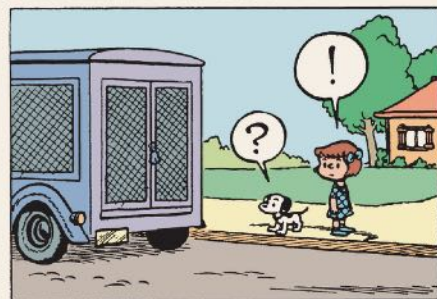




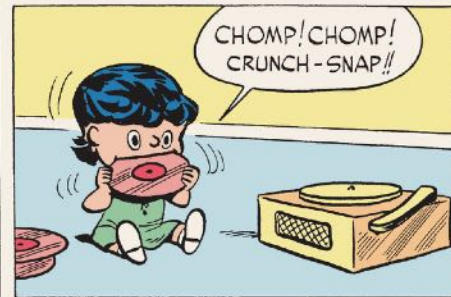
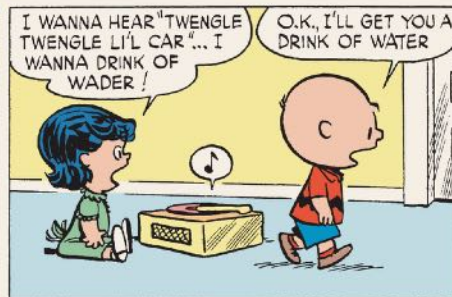
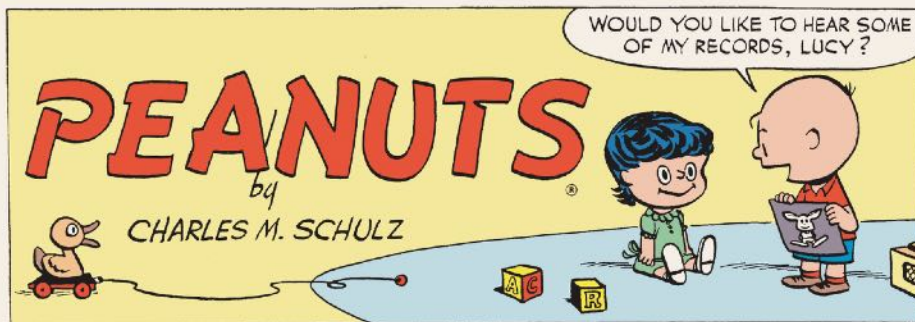


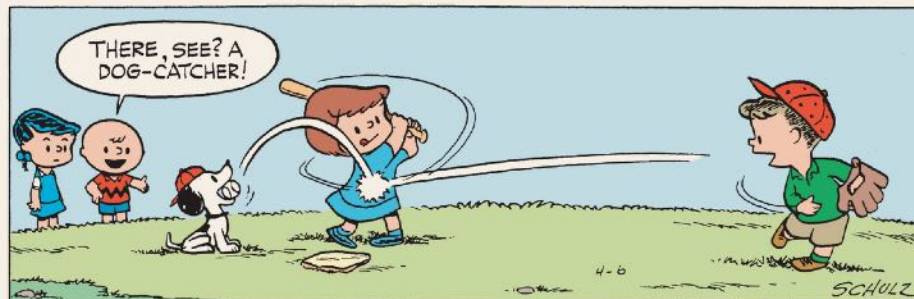
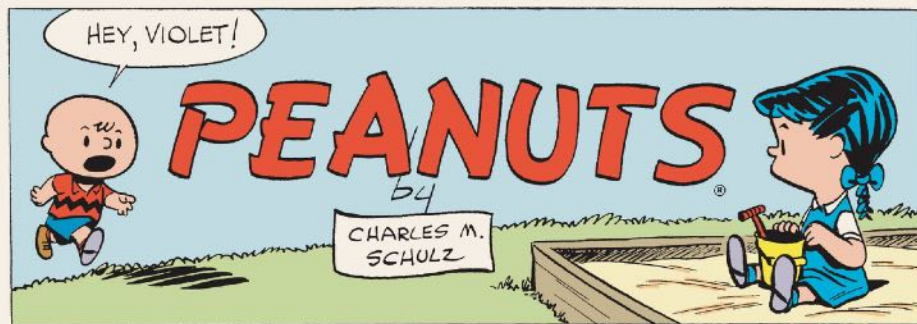


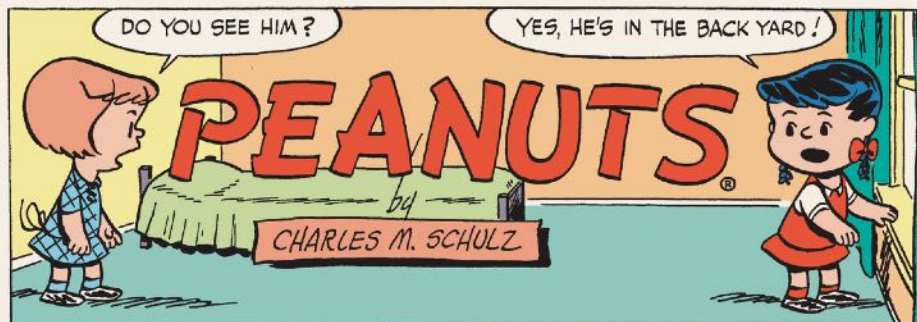


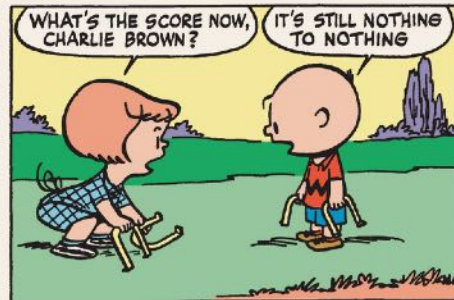
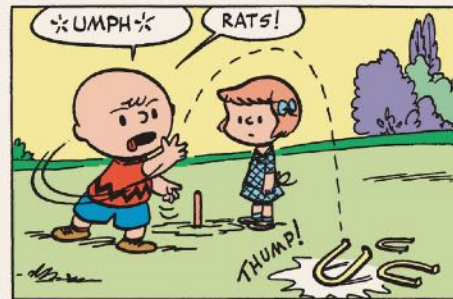
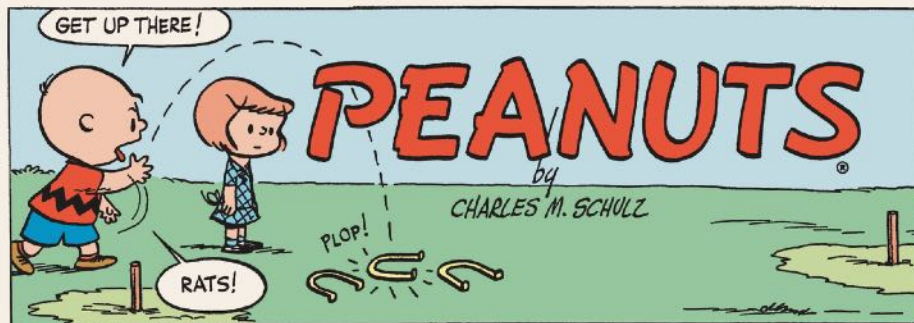


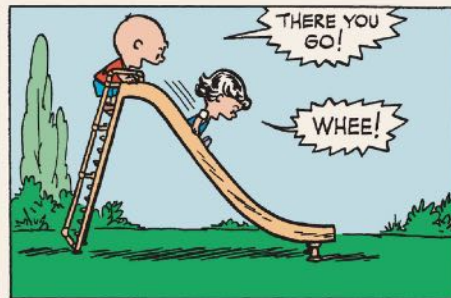
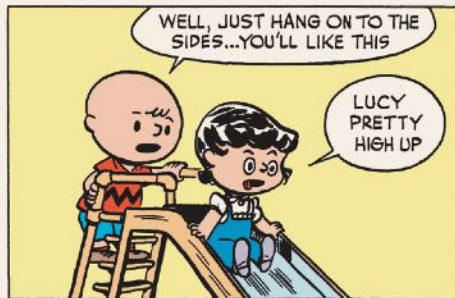
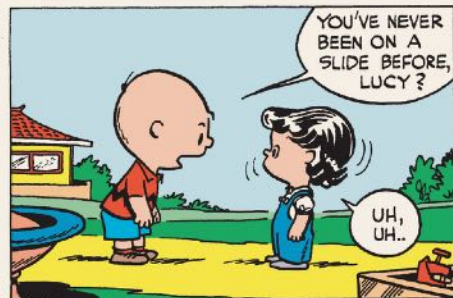
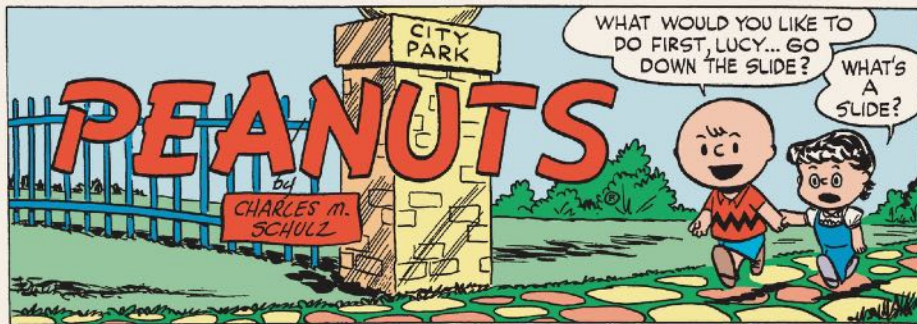


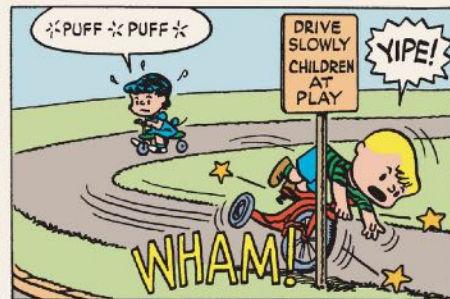


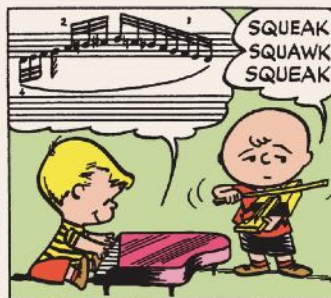
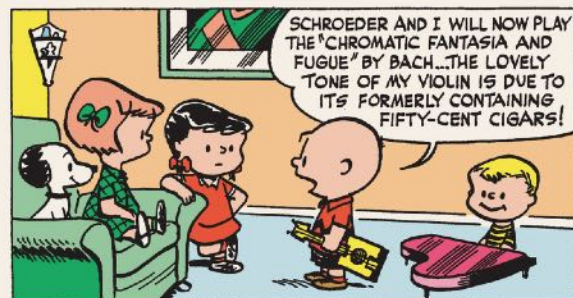
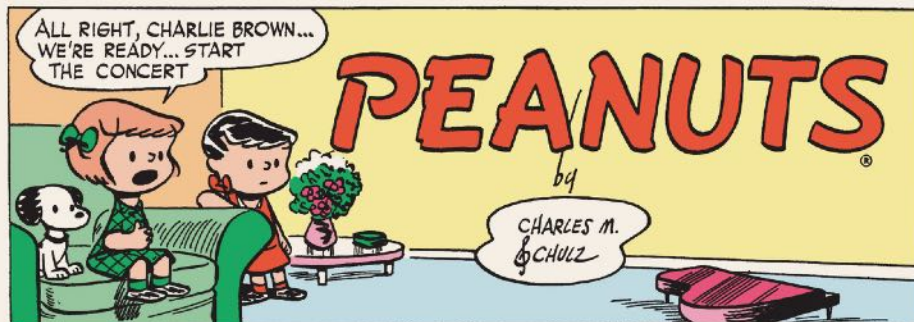


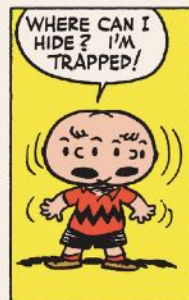


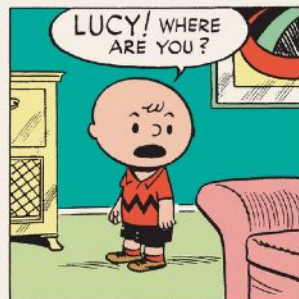
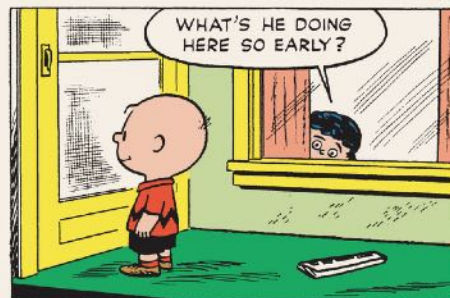
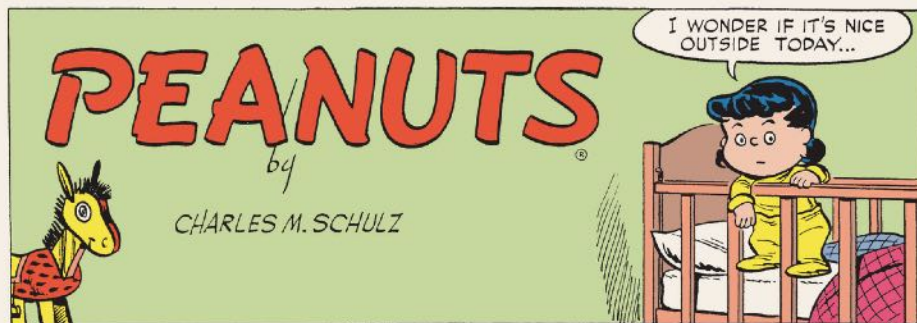


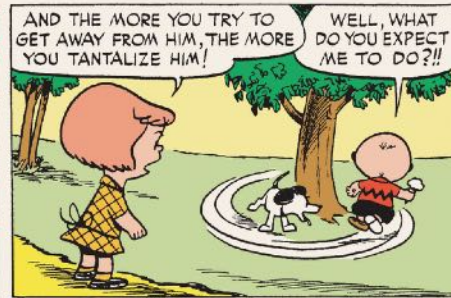
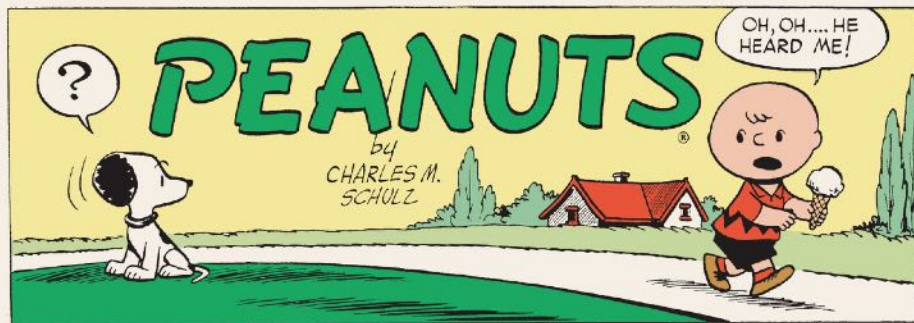


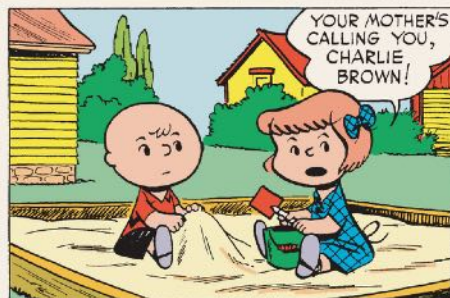
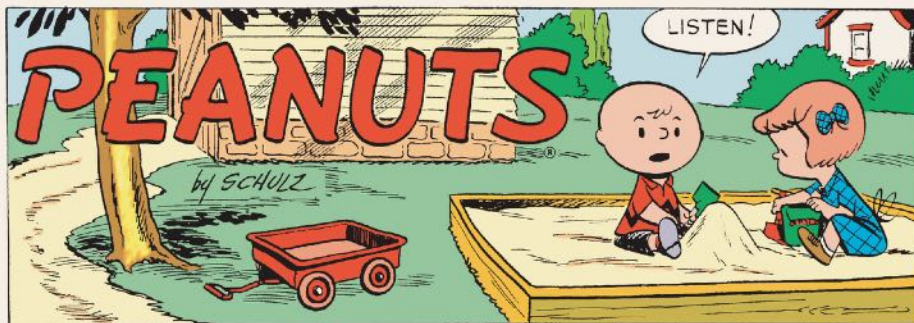


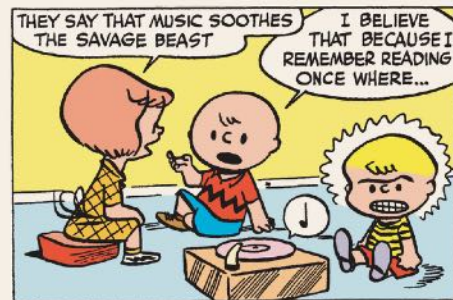


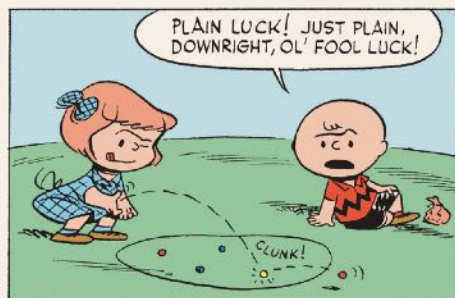


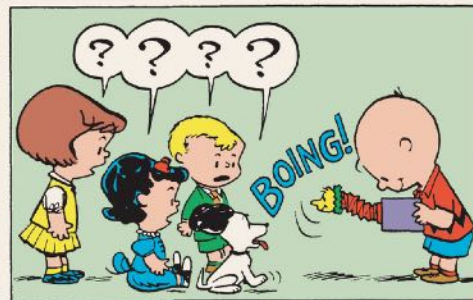
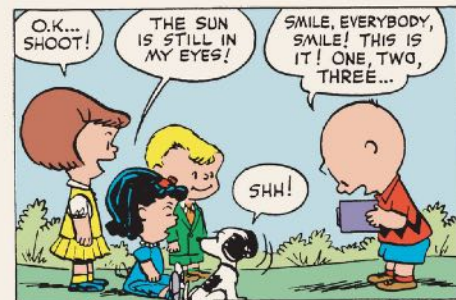
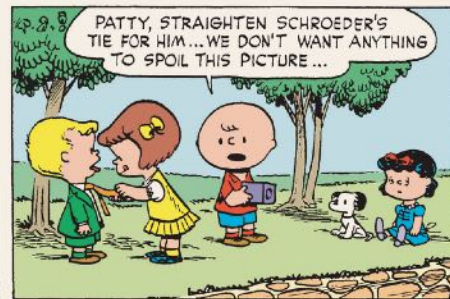
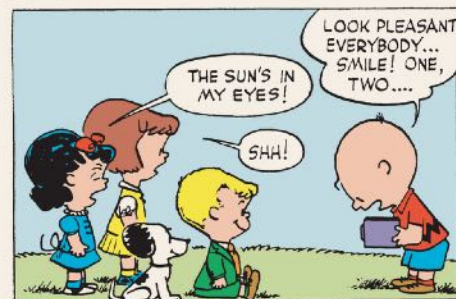
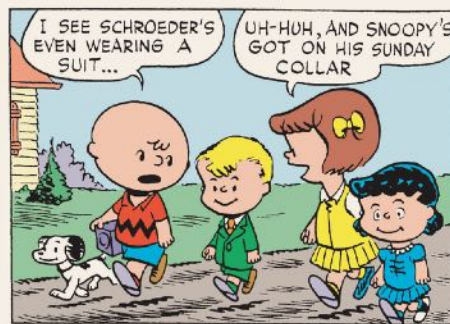
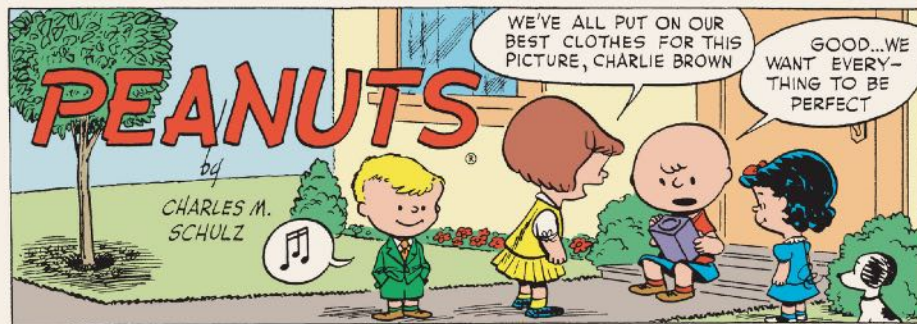


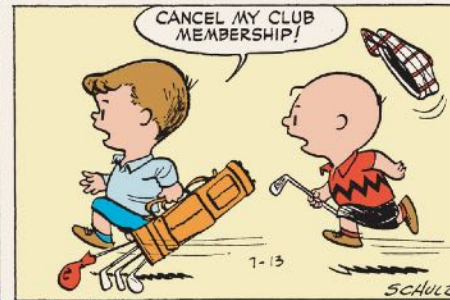
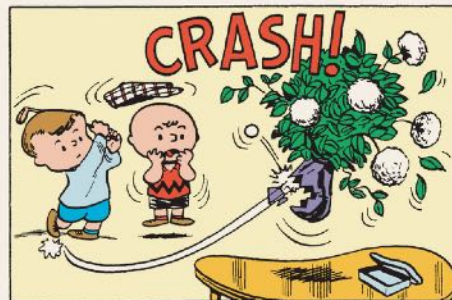
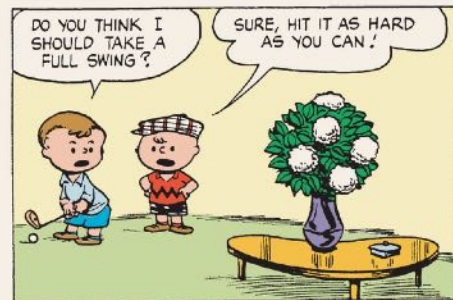
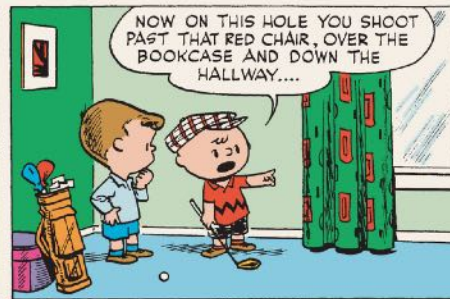
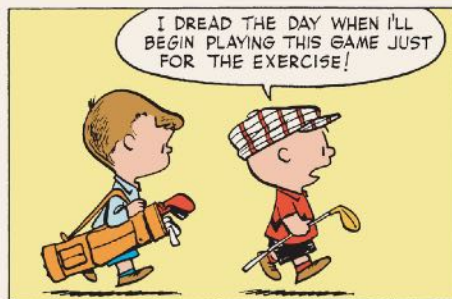
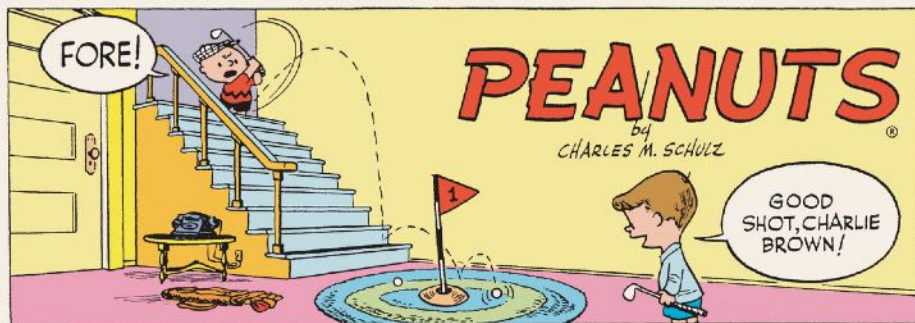


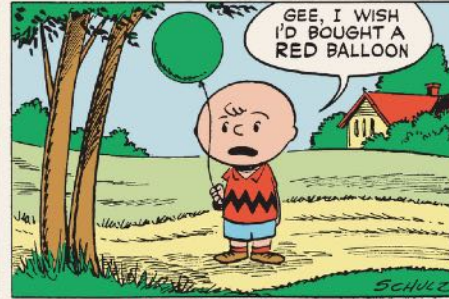
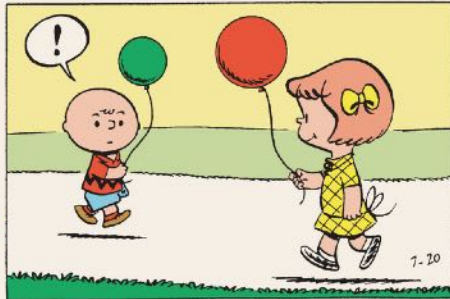
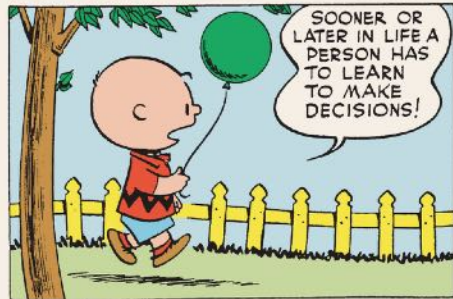
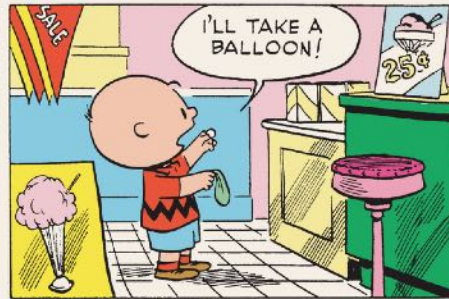
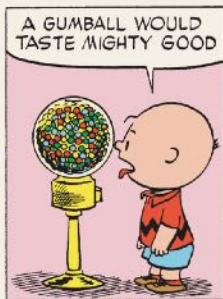
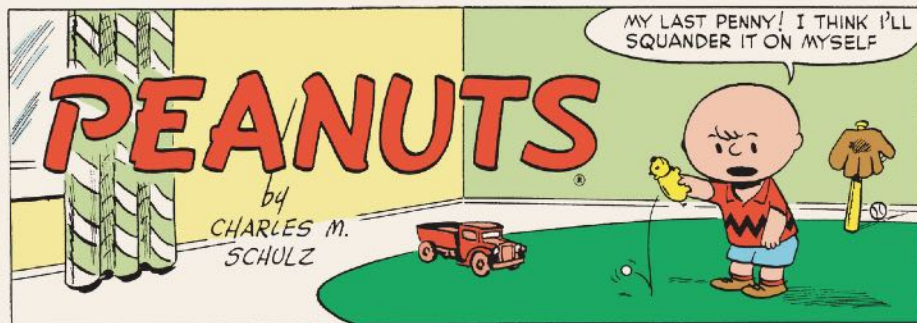


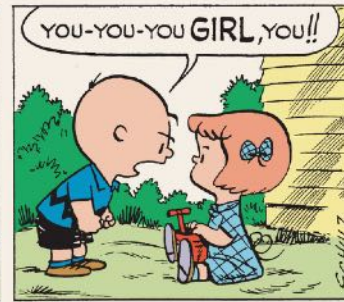
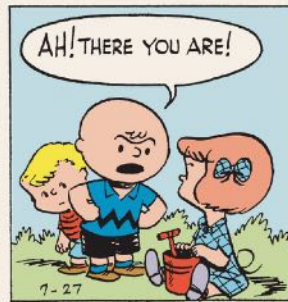
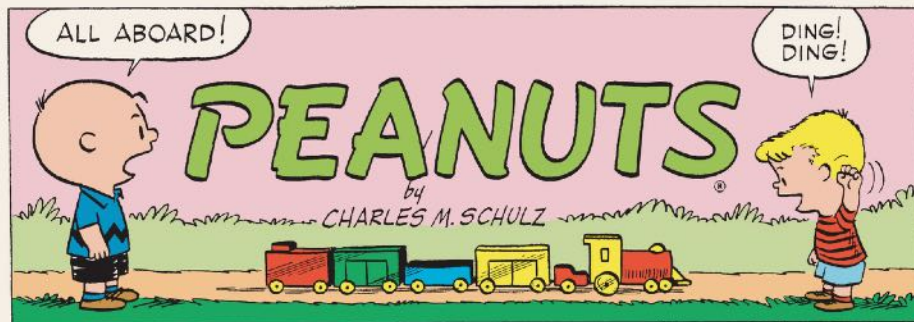


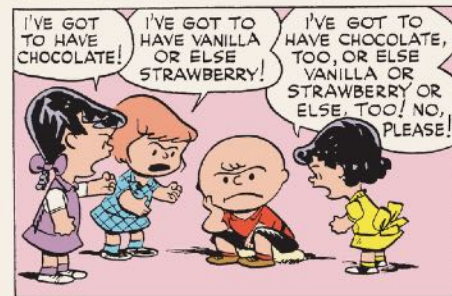
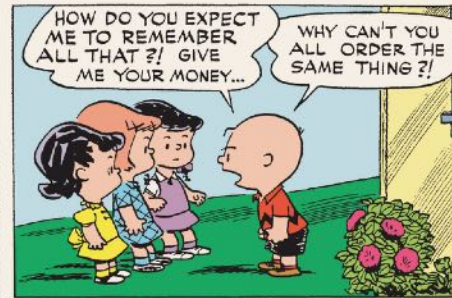
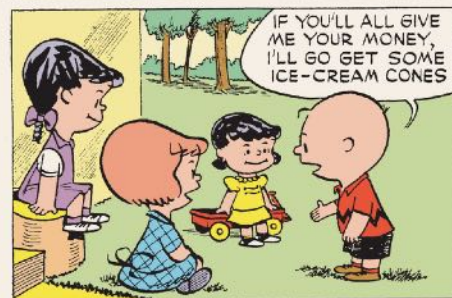
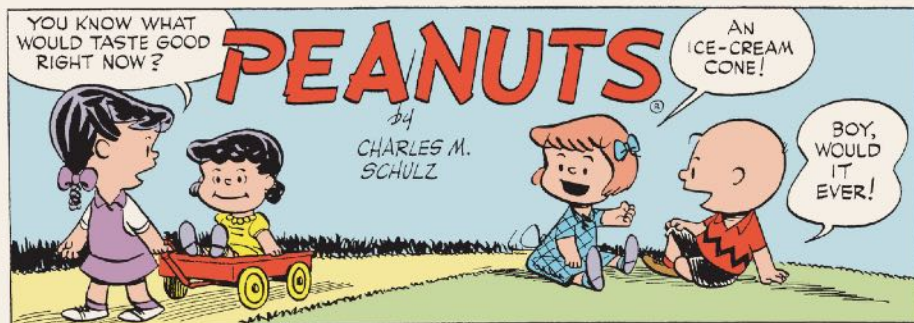




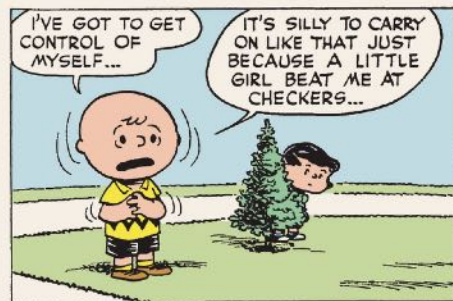
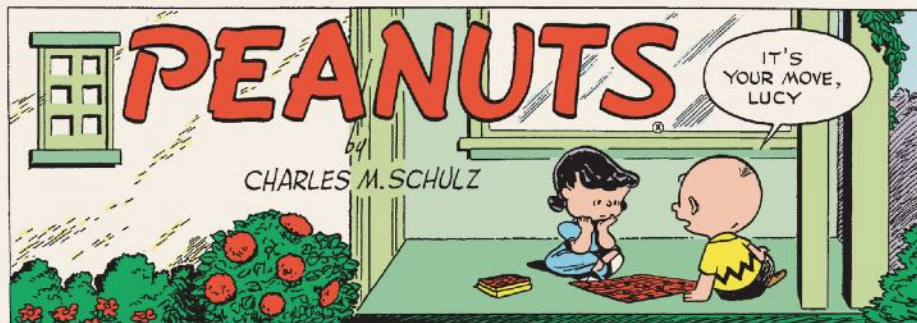


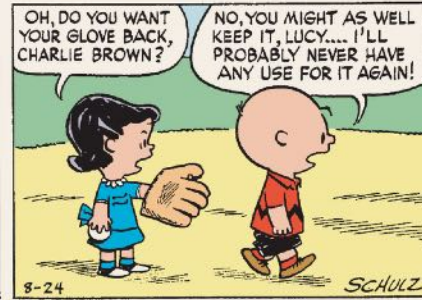
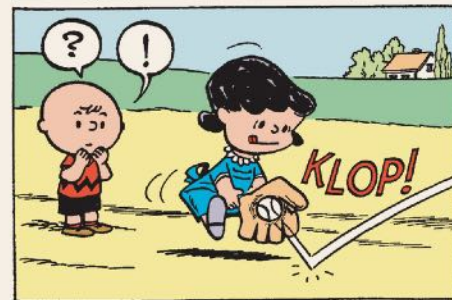
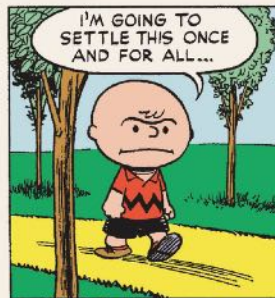
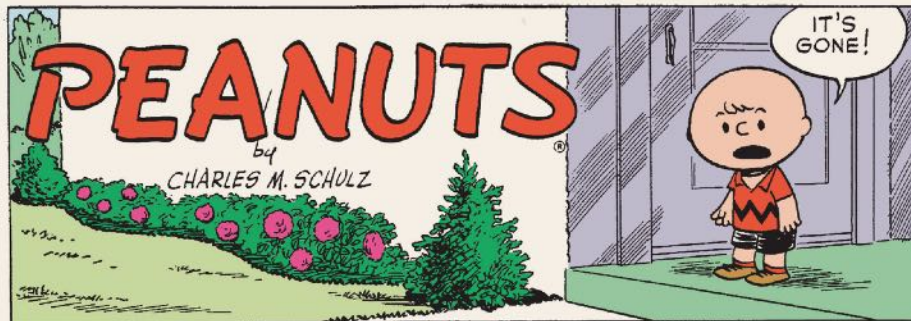


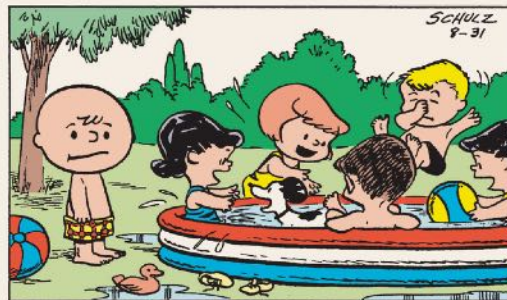
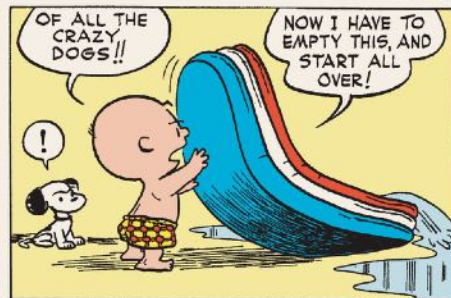
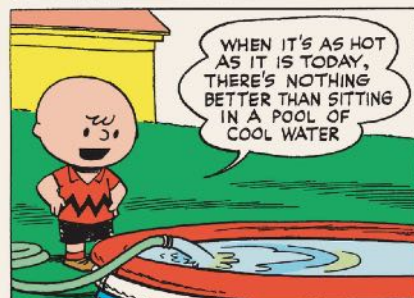
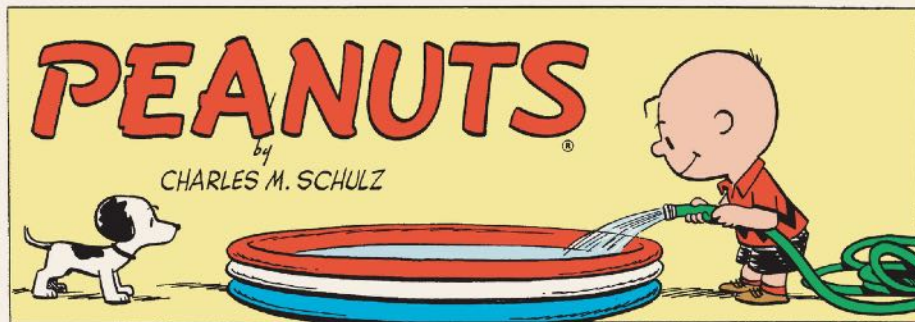


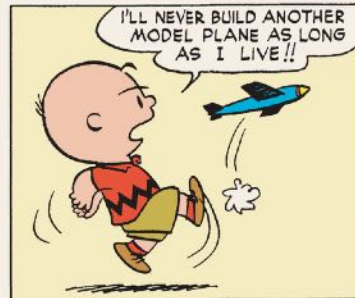
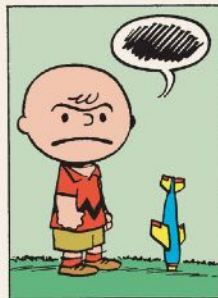
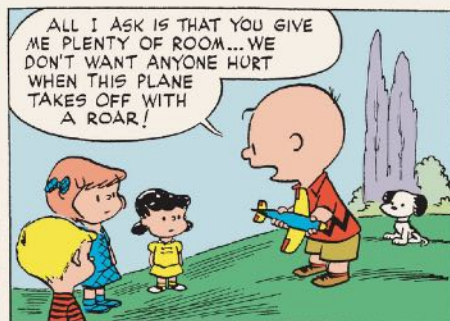
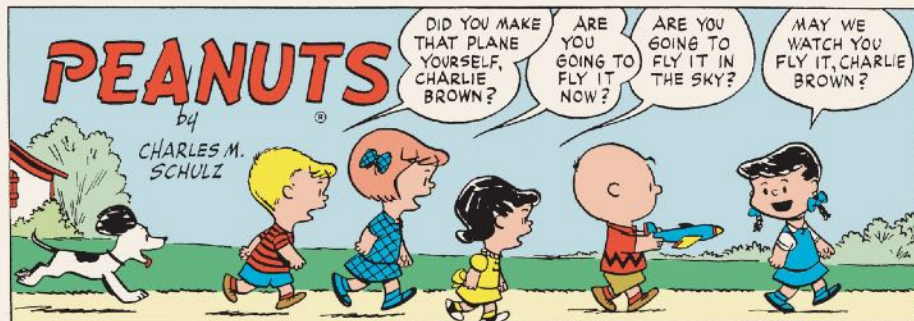


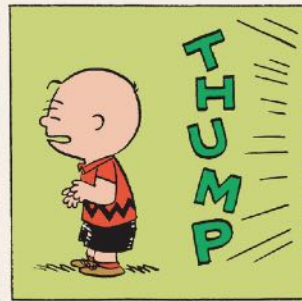


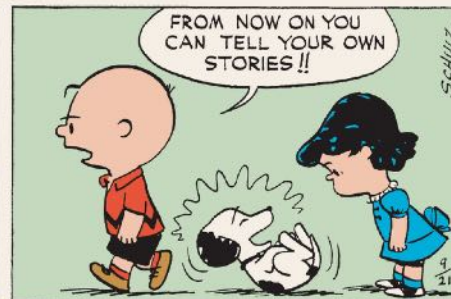
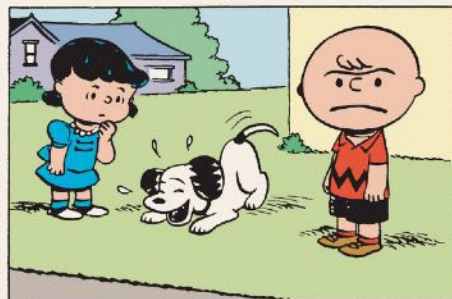
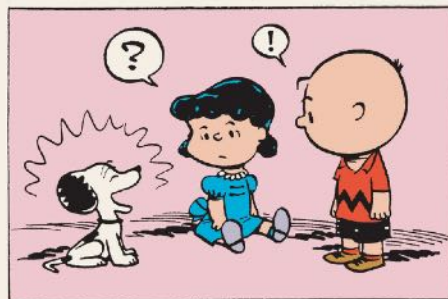
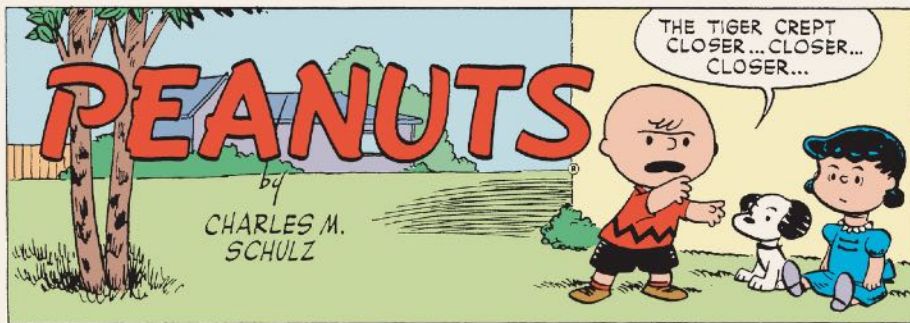












PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

NINETY-EIGHT,
NINETY-NINE,
ONE HUNDRED...

ONE HUNDRED AN'
SEVENTY-SIX, ONE
HUNDRED AN'
SEVENTY-SEVEN

TWO HUNDRED
AN' FOUR... TWO
HUNDRED AN' FIVE...

WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

THIS IS AN
HISTORIC OCCASION

ONE THOUSAND
TWENTY-THREE, ONE
THOUSAND
TWENTY-FOUR...

LUCY IS SETTING A NEW
NEIGHBORHOOD RECORD...
SIT DOWN, AND HELP
ME COUNT....

TWO THOUSAND
AN' FIFTY-SIX,....

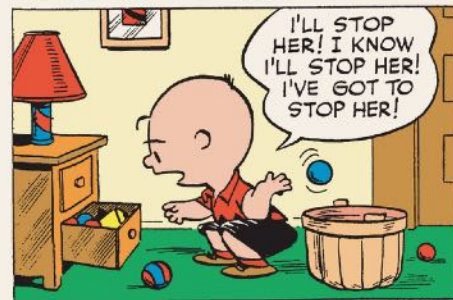
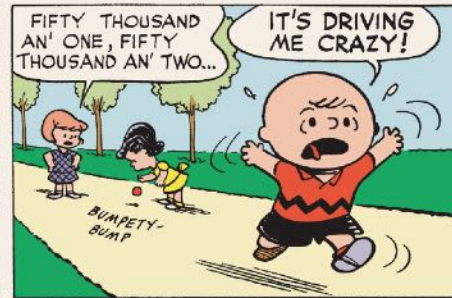
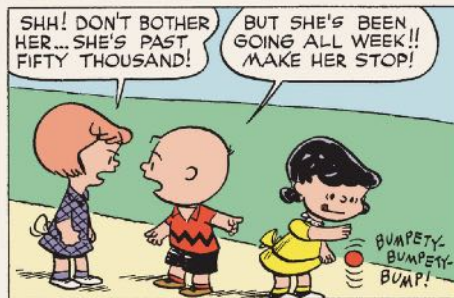
TWO THOUSAND
AN' FIFTY-SEVEN...

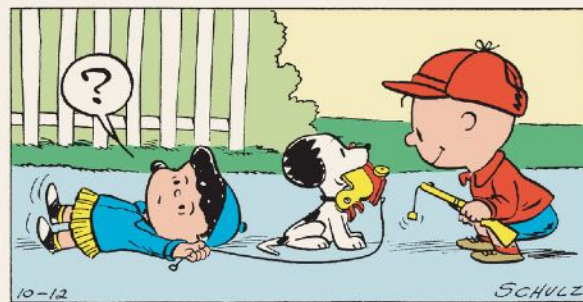
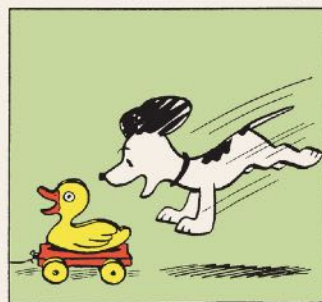
LUCY! YOUR MOTHER
WANTS YOU TO COME
HOME RIGHT AWAY!!

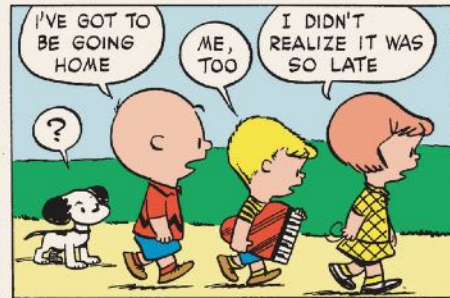
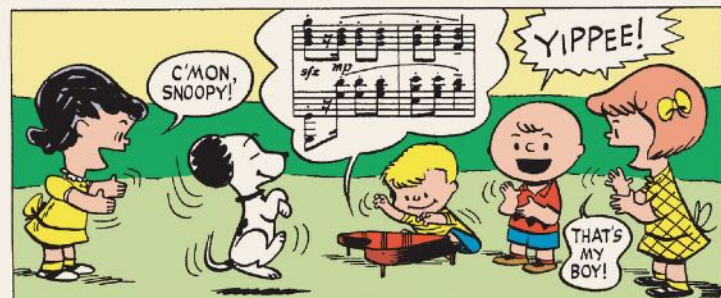
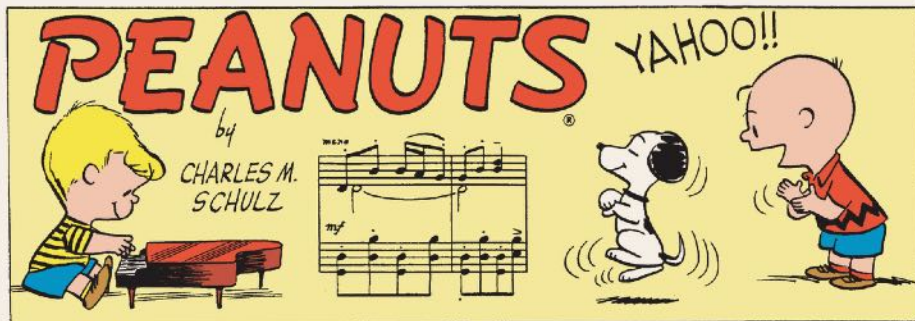
TWO THOUSAND
AN' FIFTY-EIGHT...

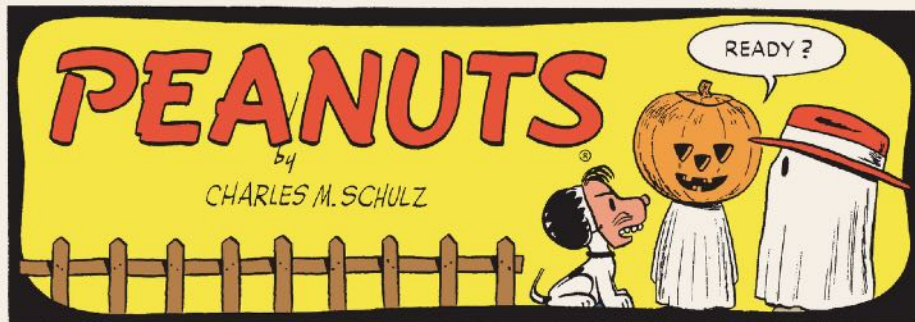
TWO THOUSAND
AN' FIFTY-NINE...

9-28
SCHULZ

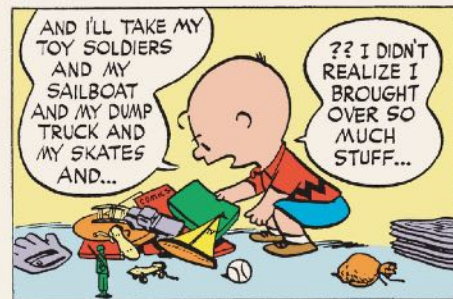
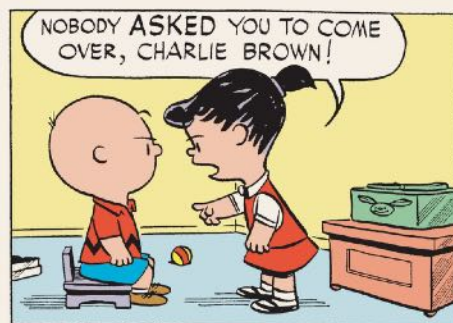
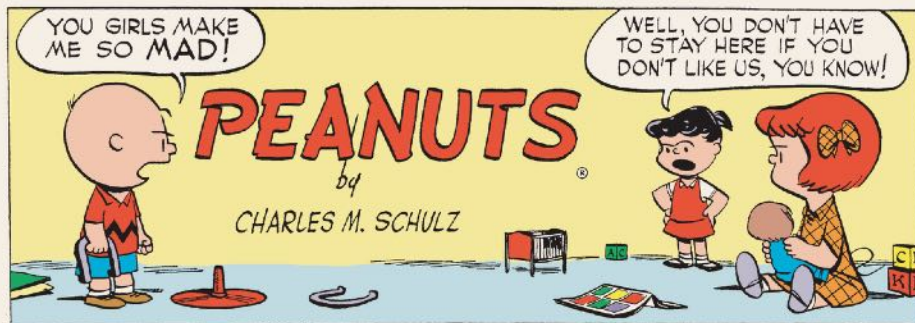


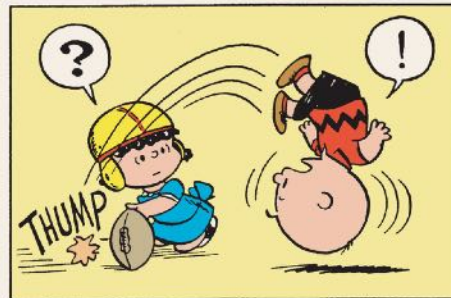
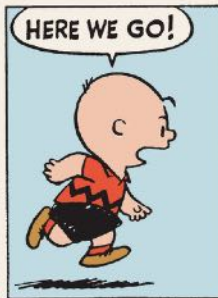
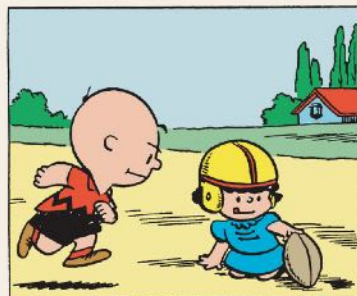
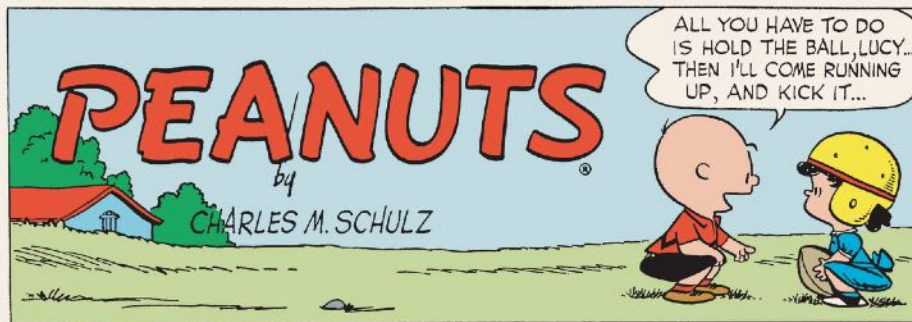




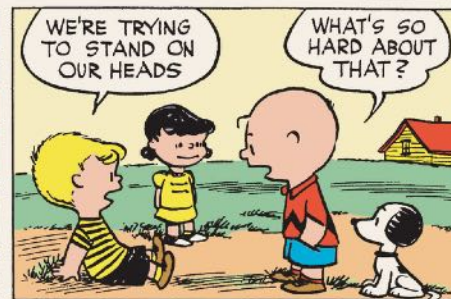




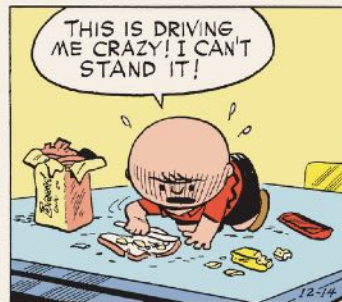
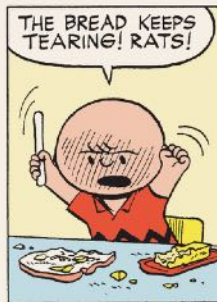
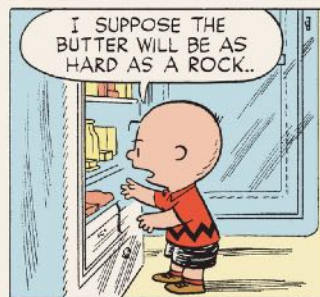
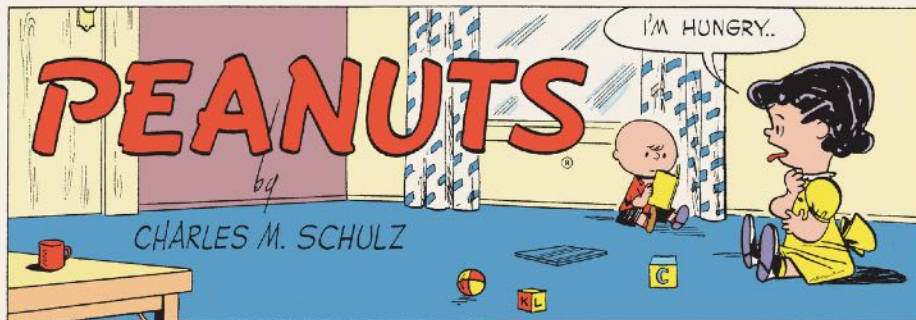


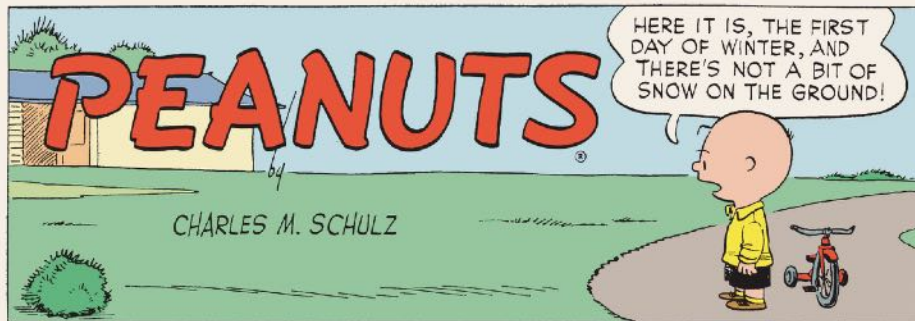


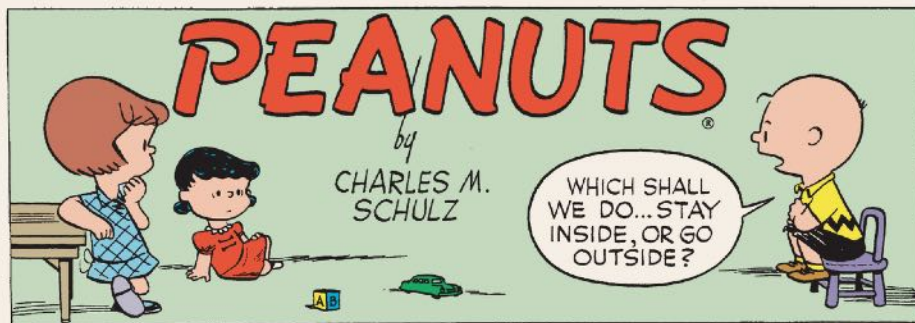


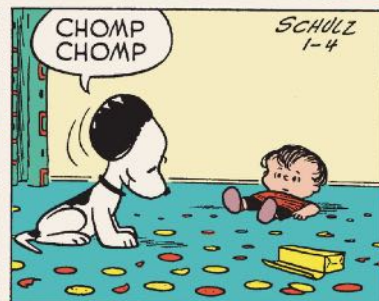
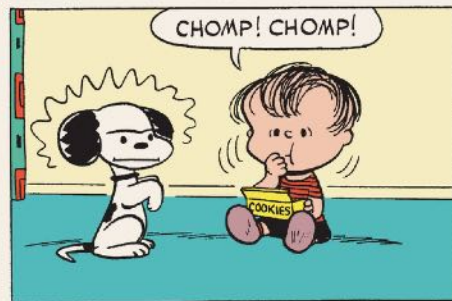
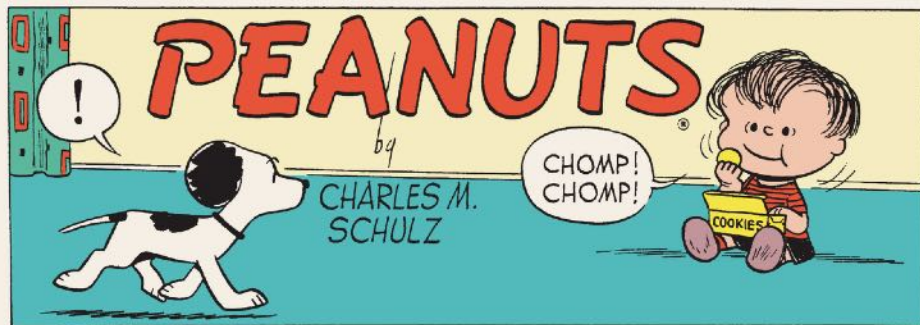


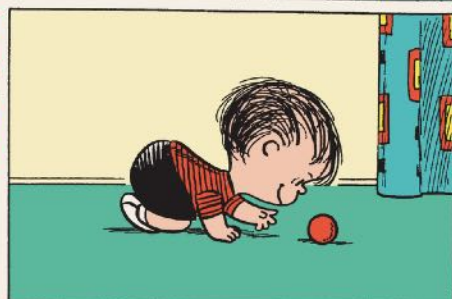
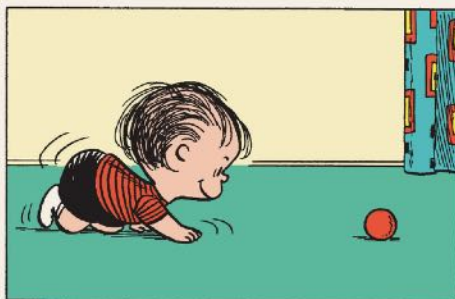
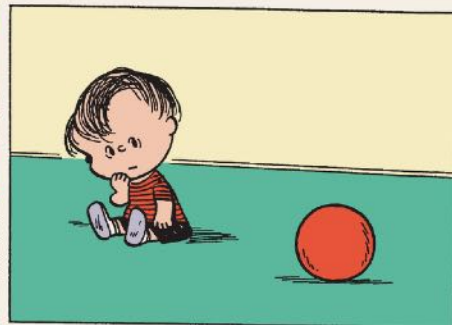
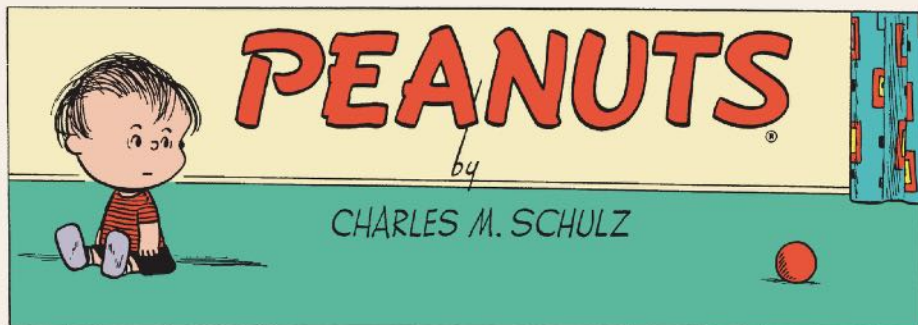


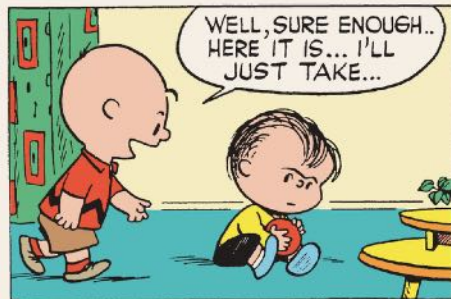
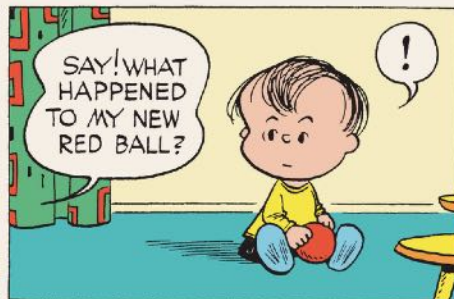
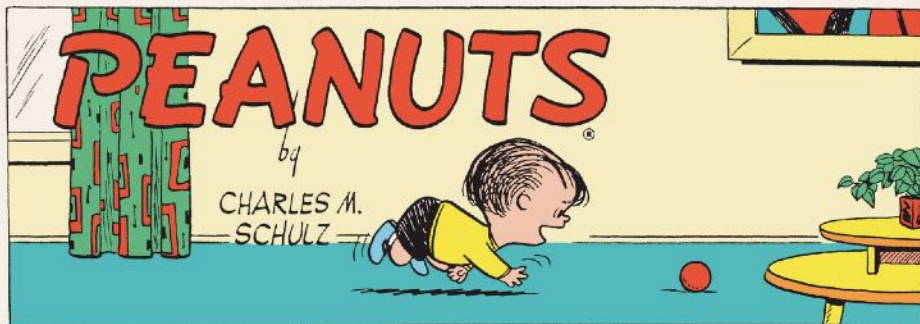


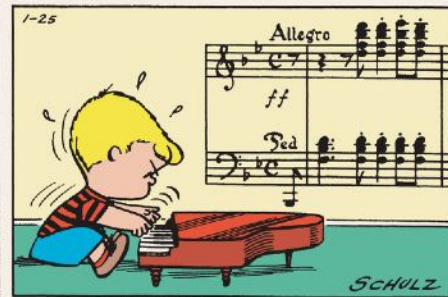


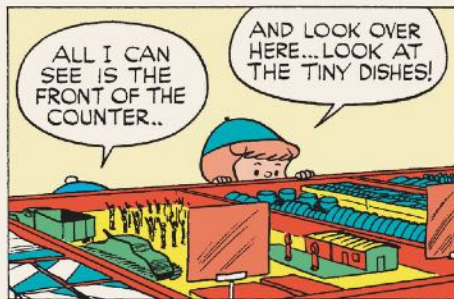
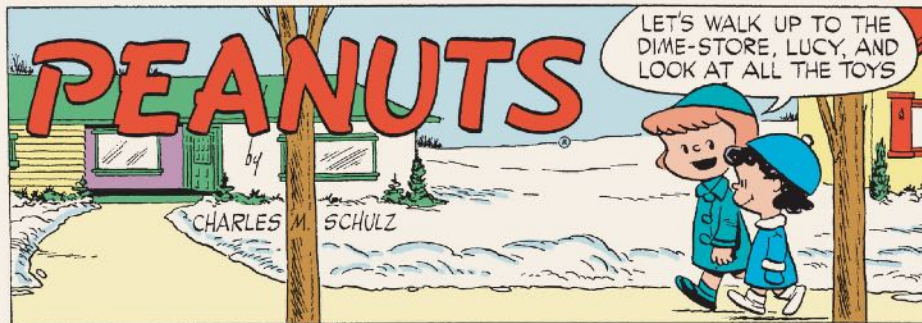




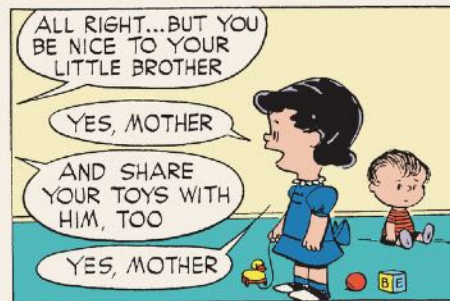
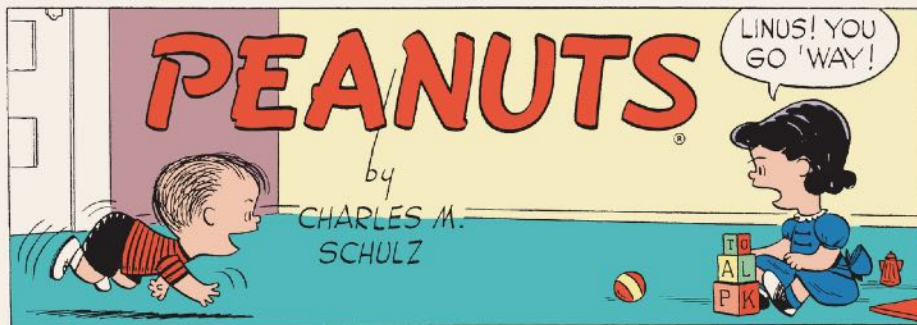


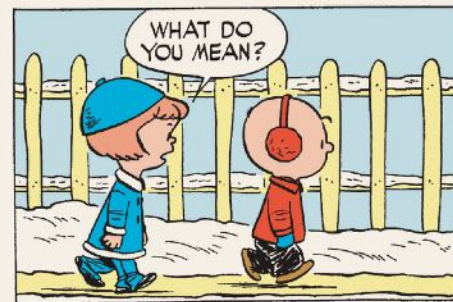


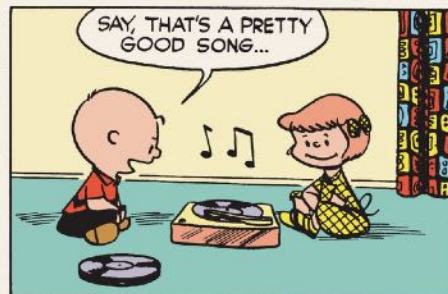
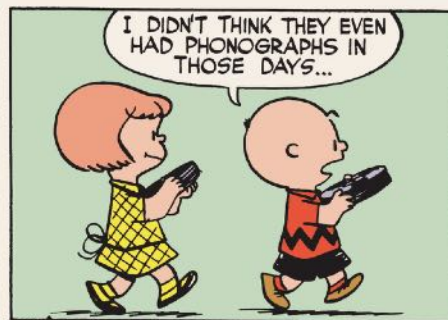


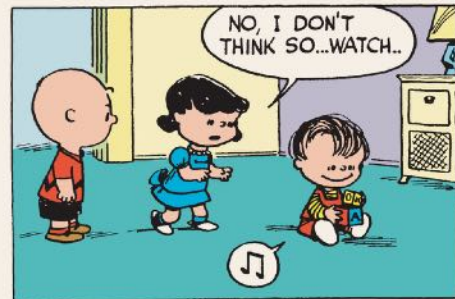


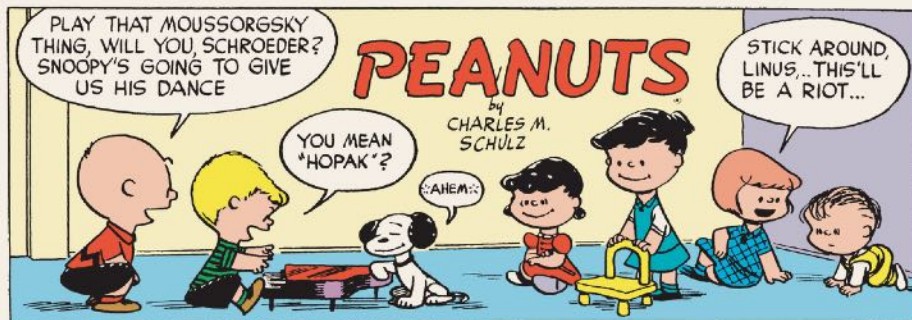


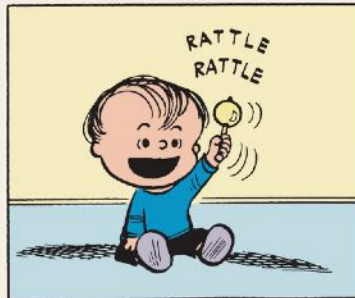
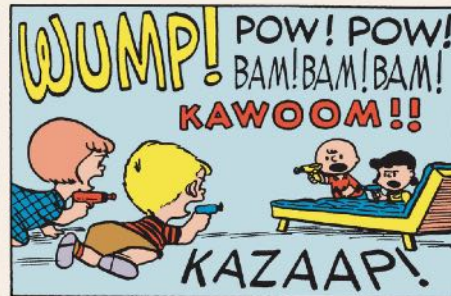
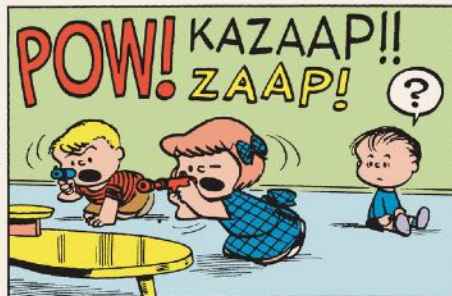
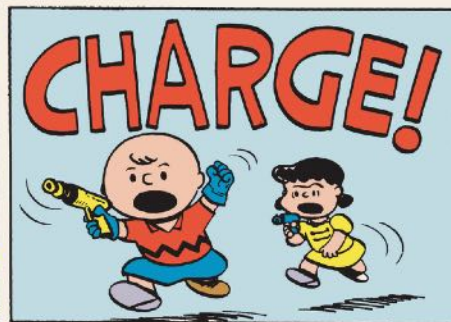


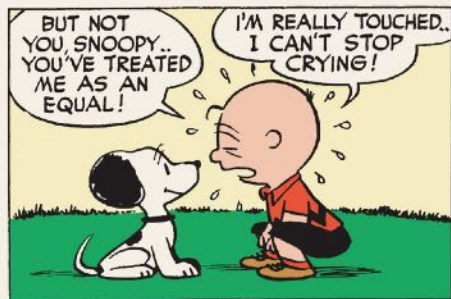
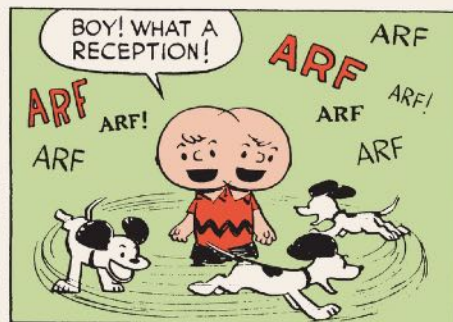
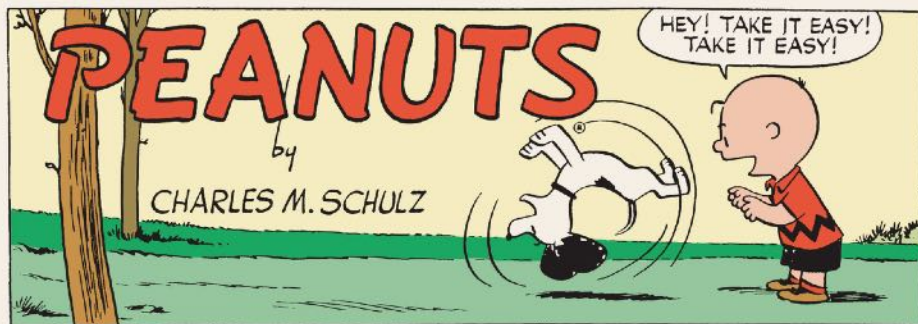


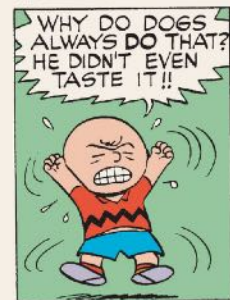
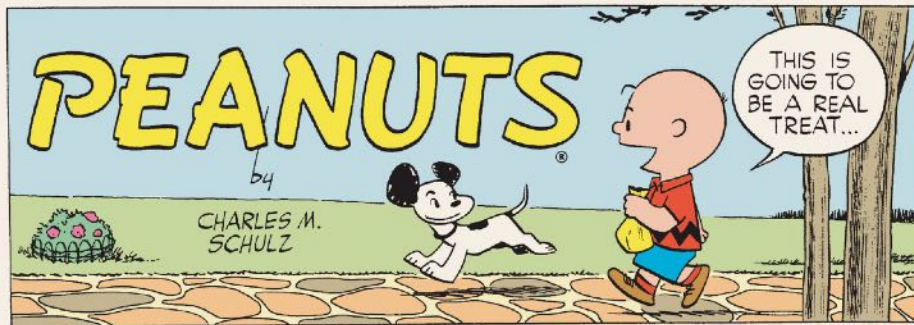


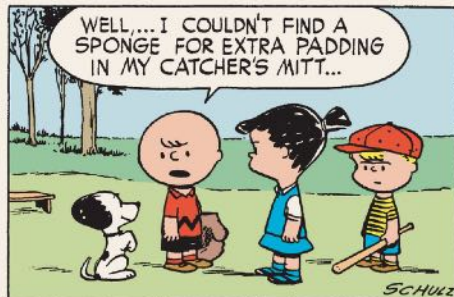


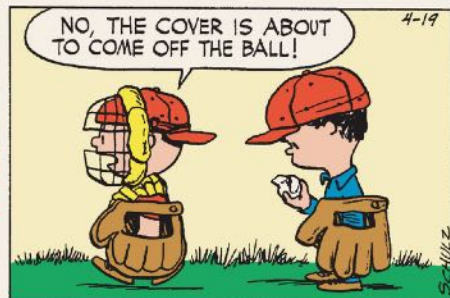
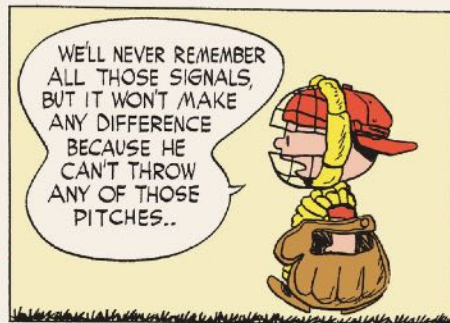
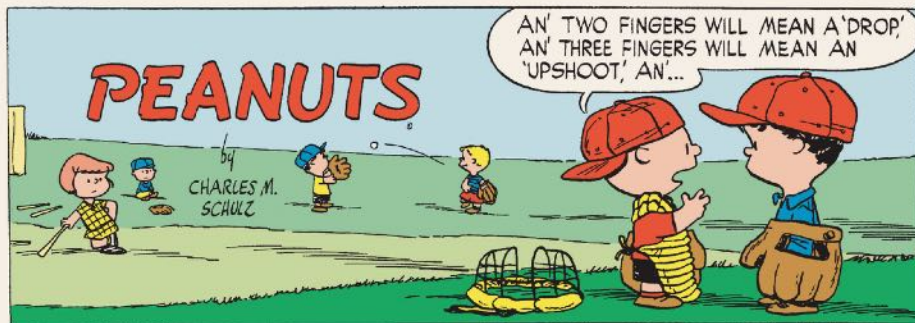


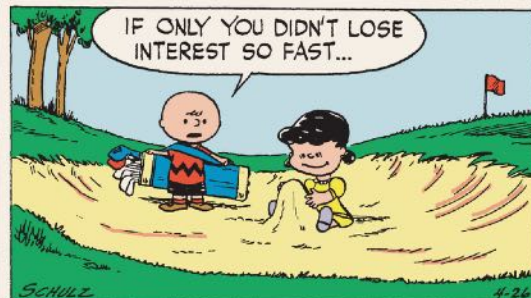
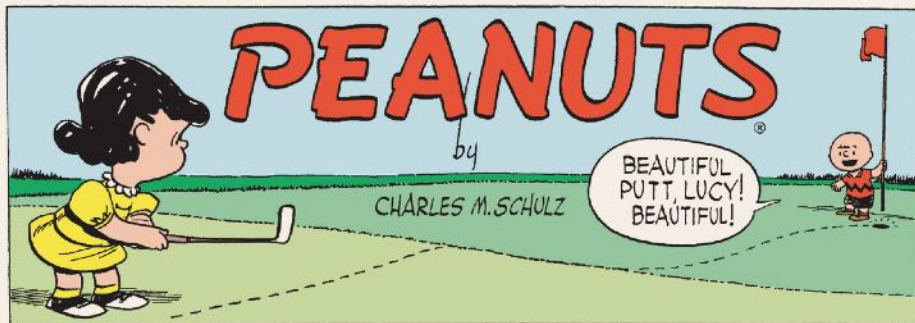


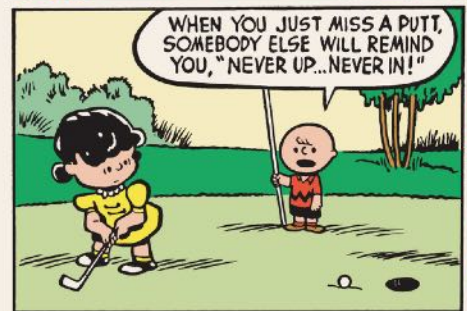
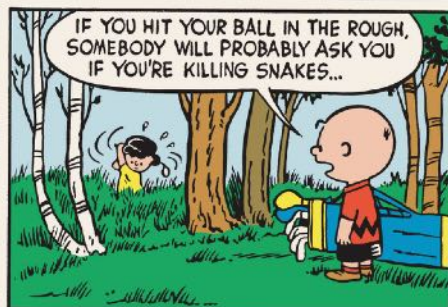
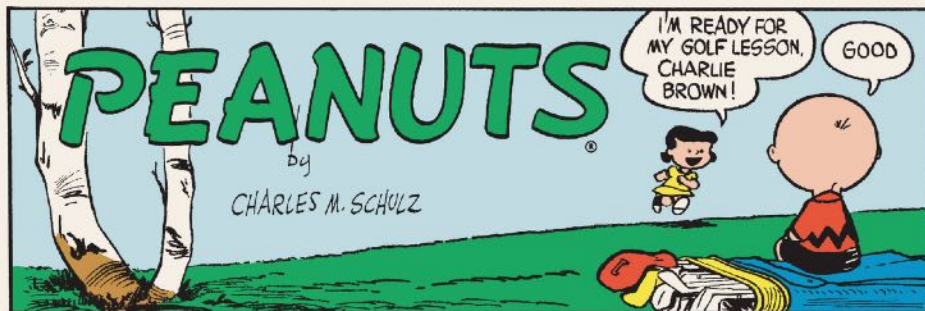








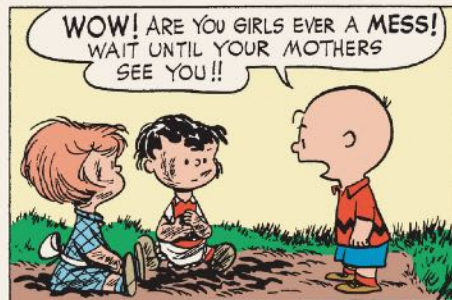
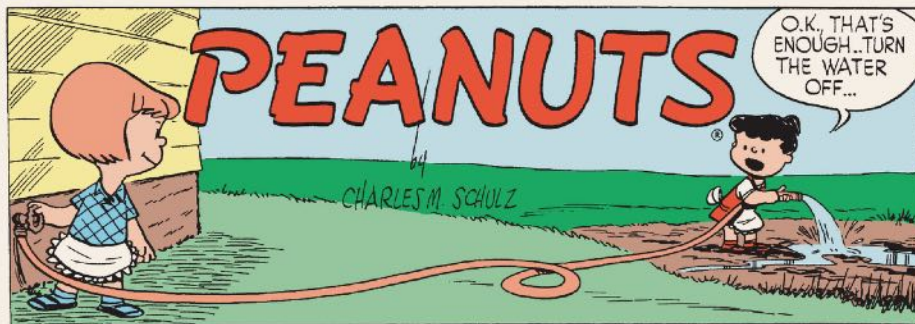


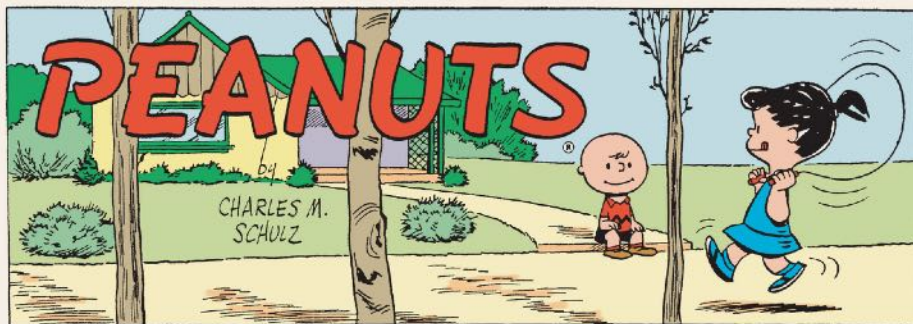


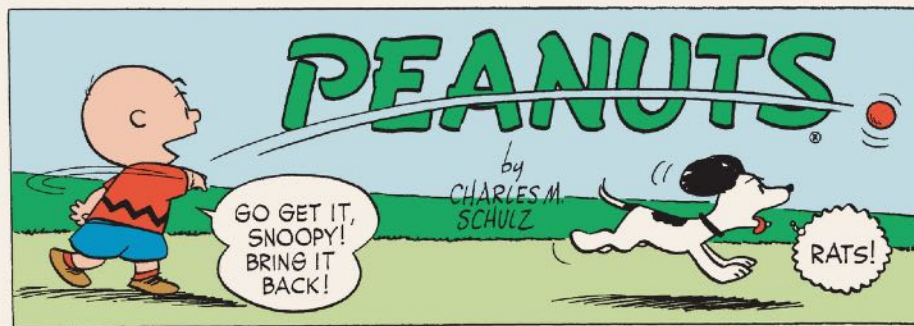
PEANUTS

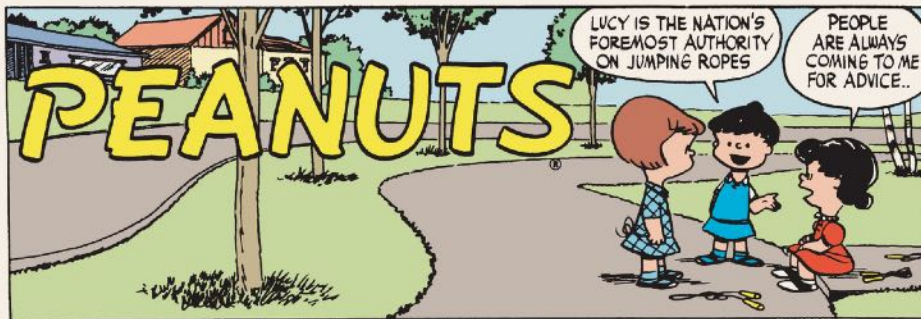
by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

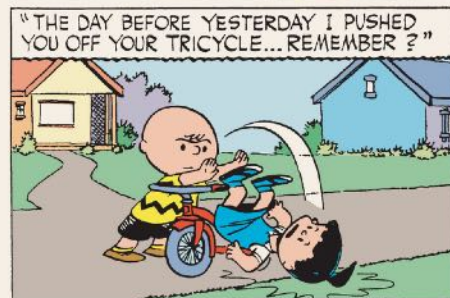


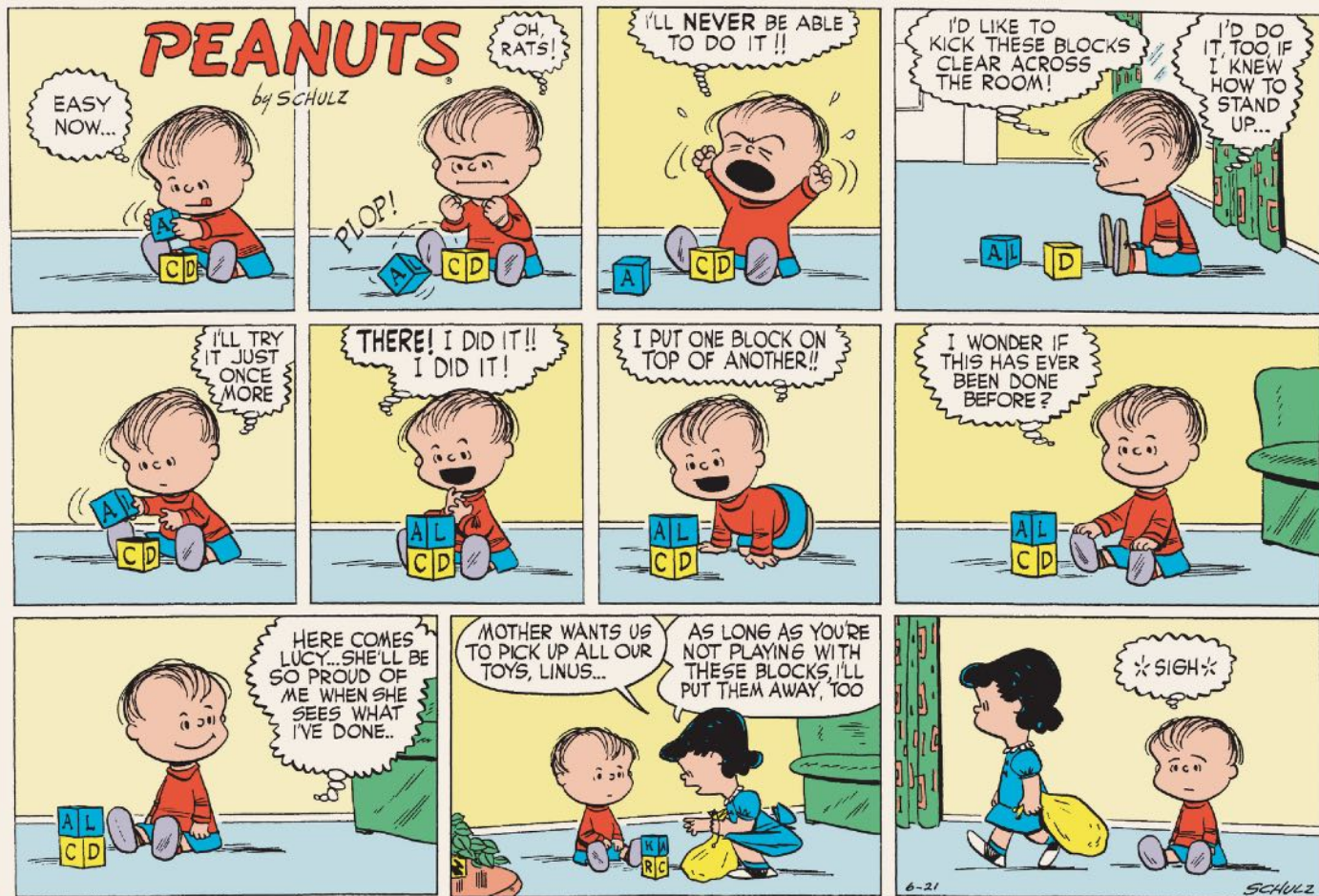


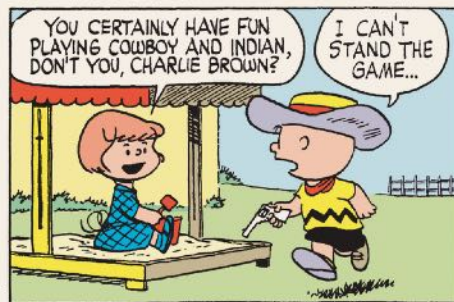
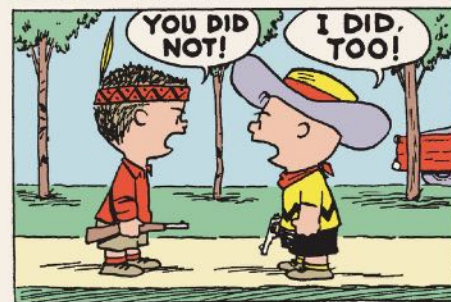


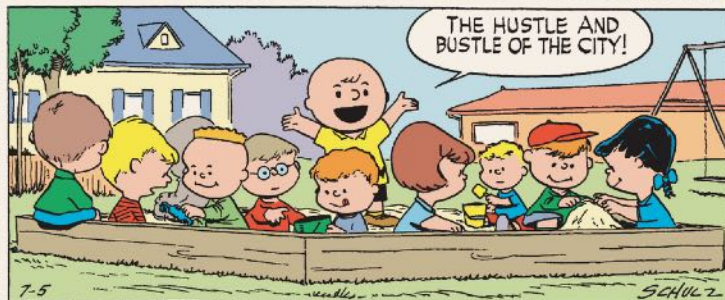
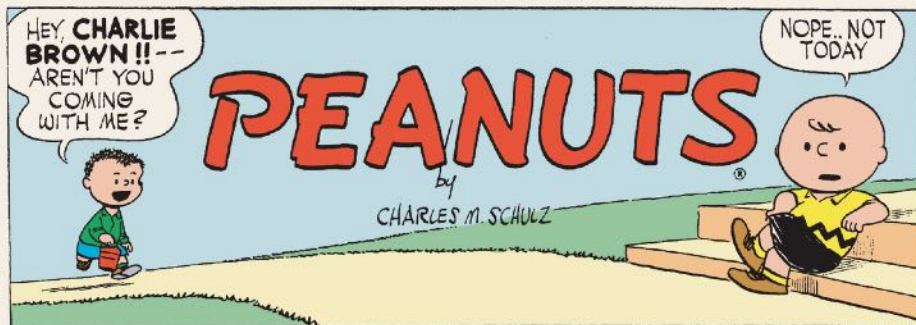


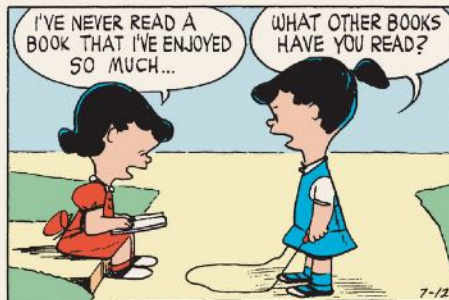
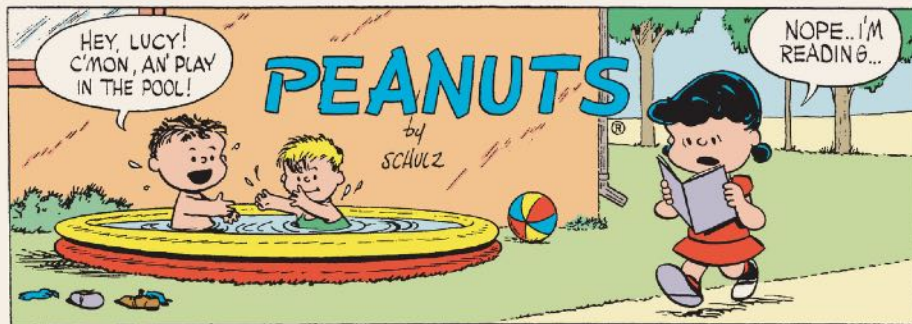


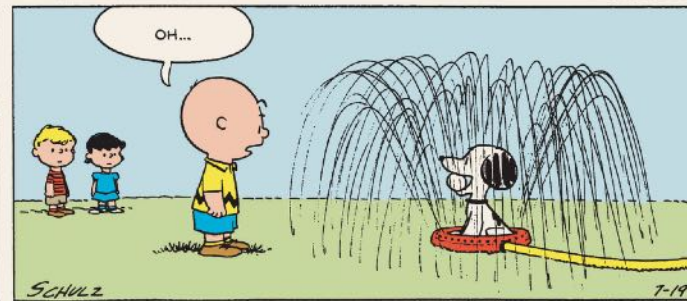
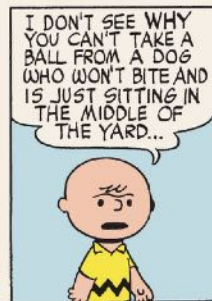
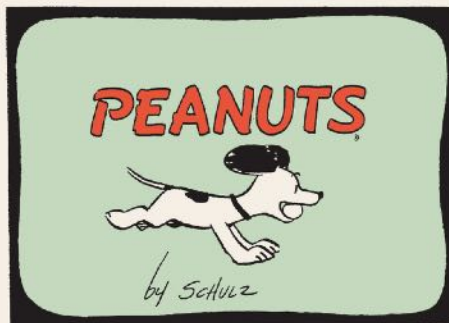


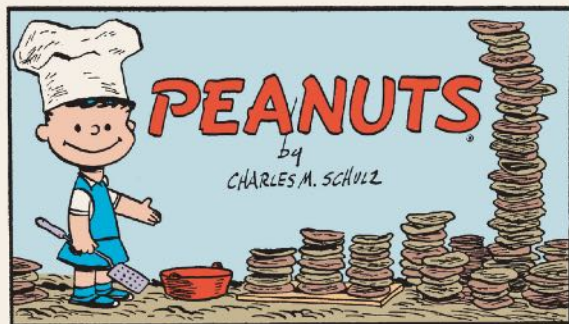


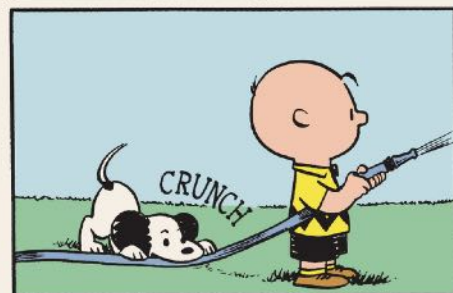


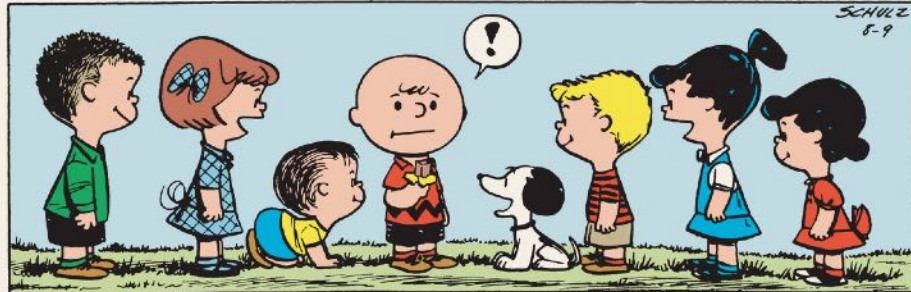
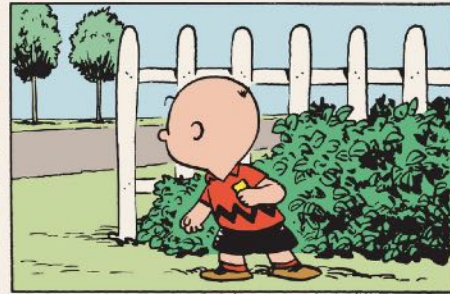
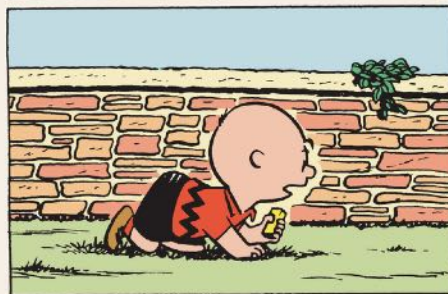
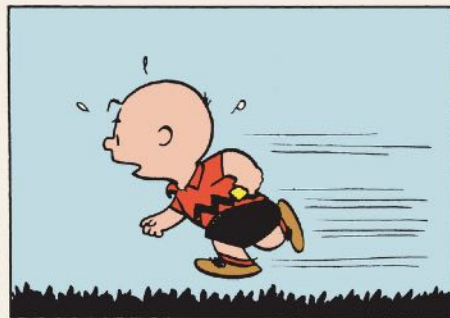


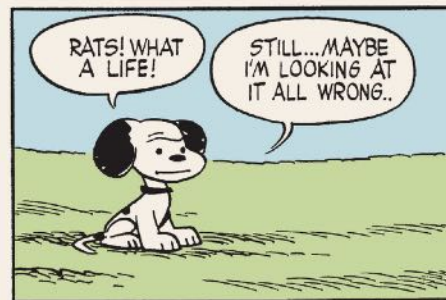
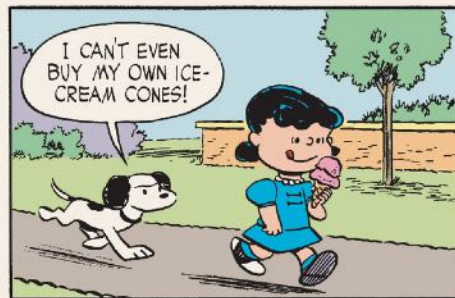
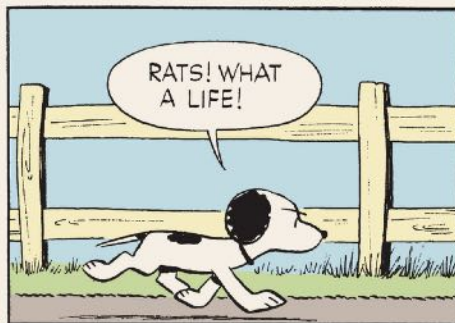
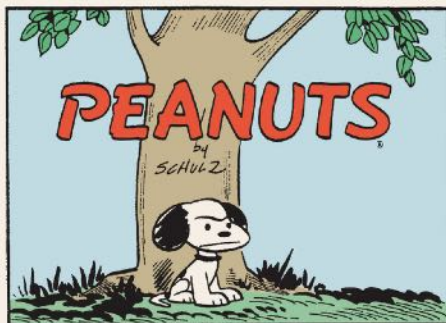


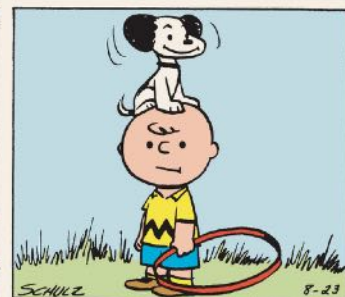
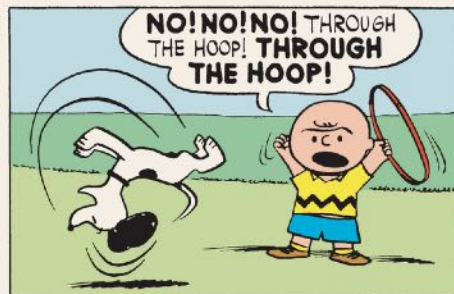
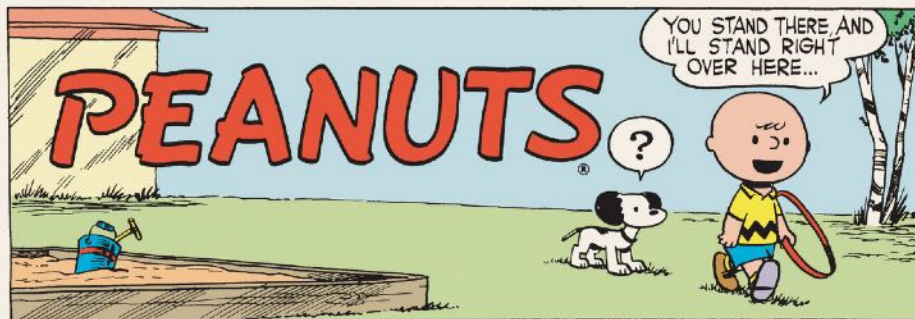


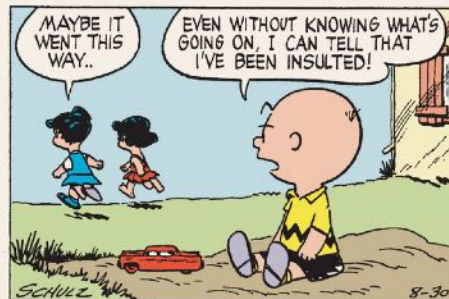
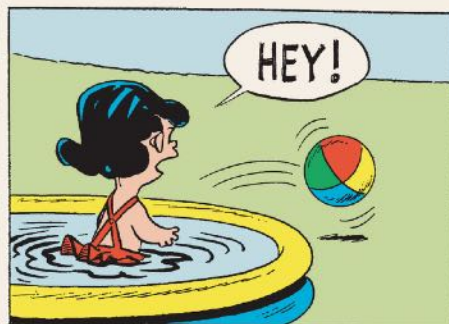
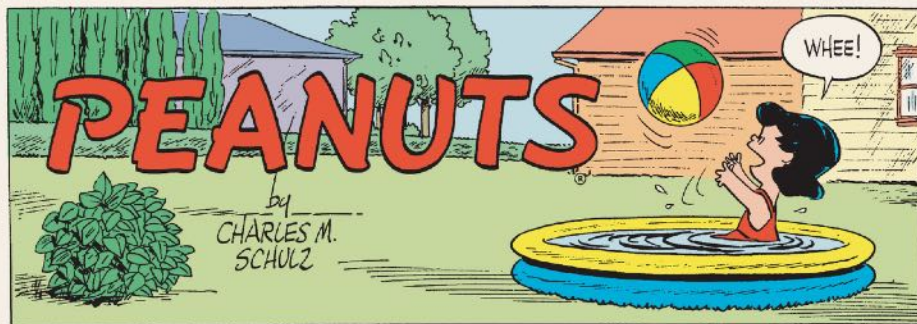


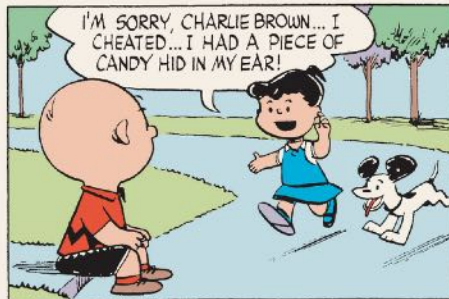
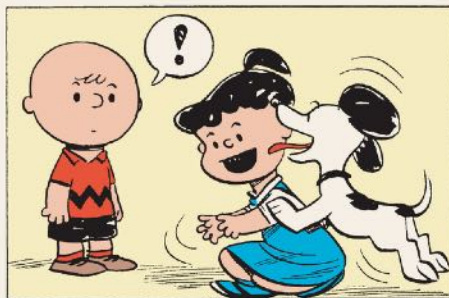
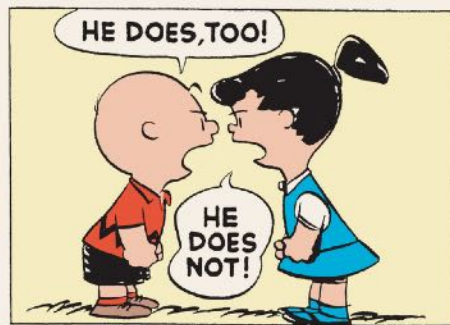


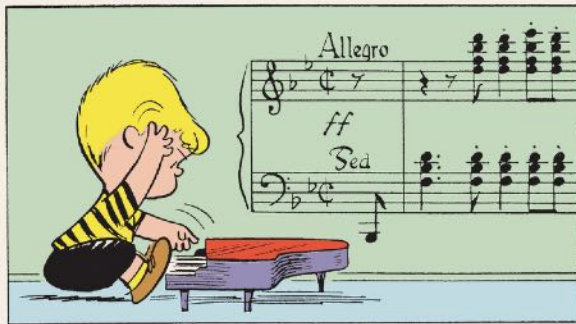
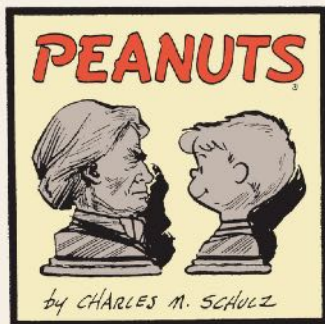




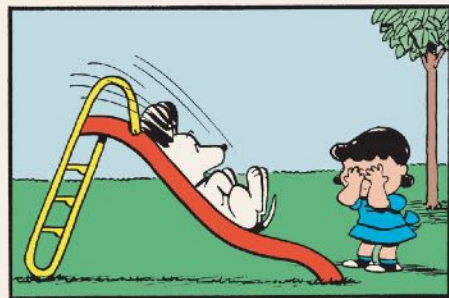
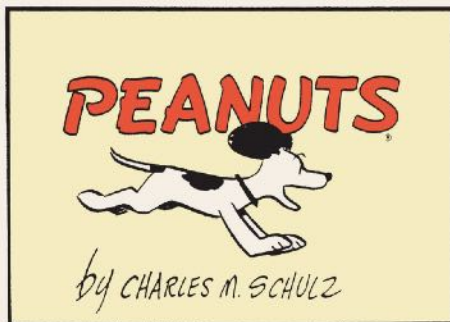




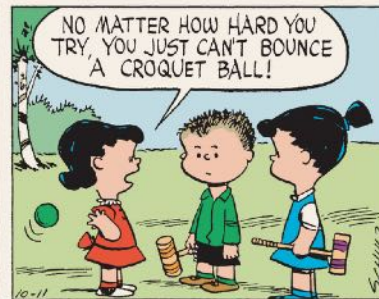
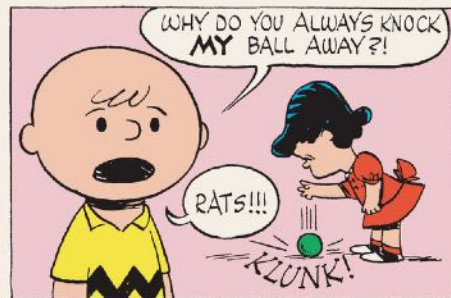


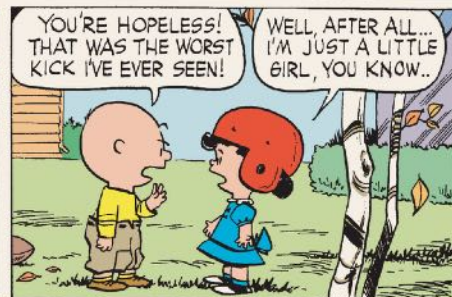


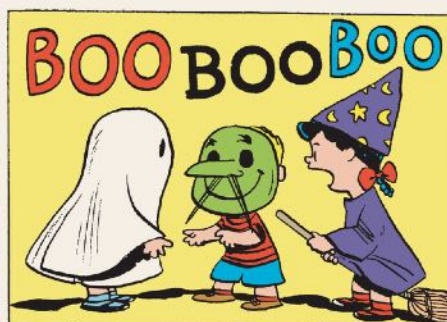
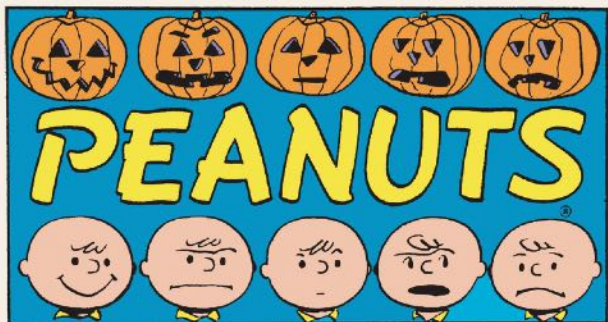


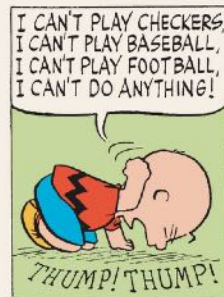
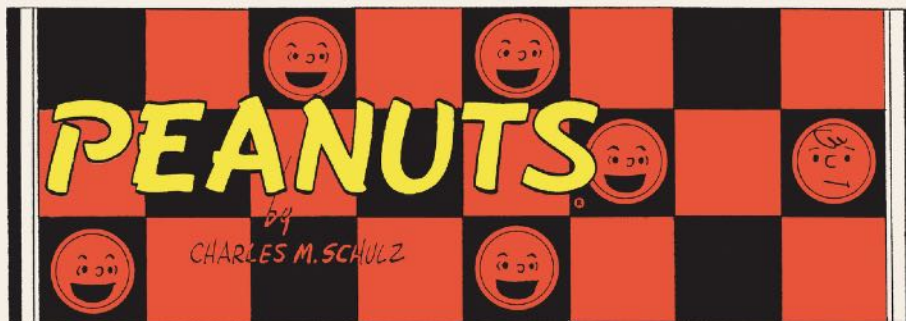


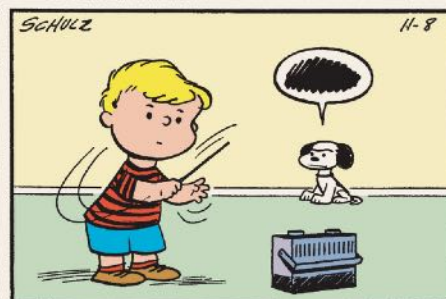
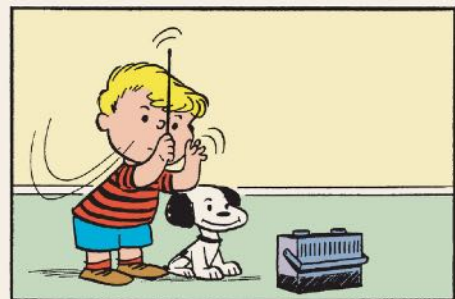
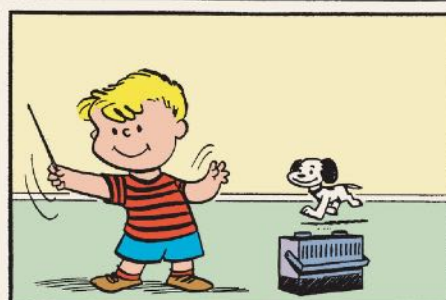
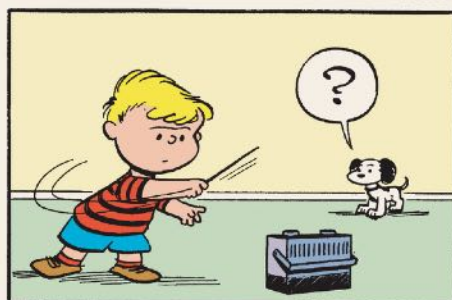
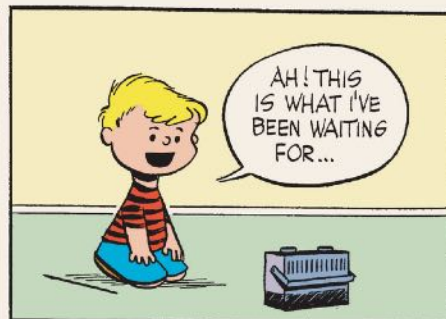
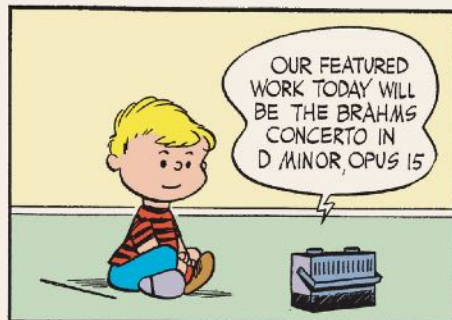
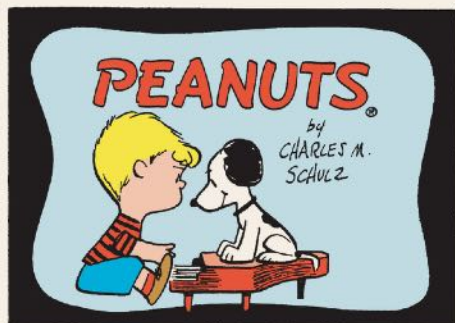


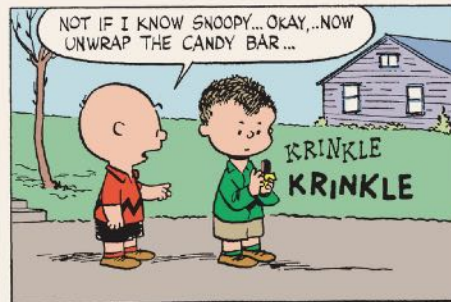
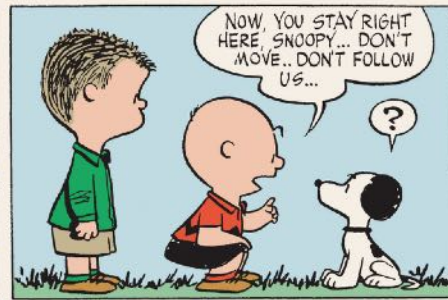
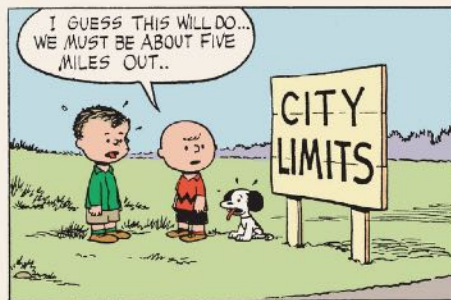
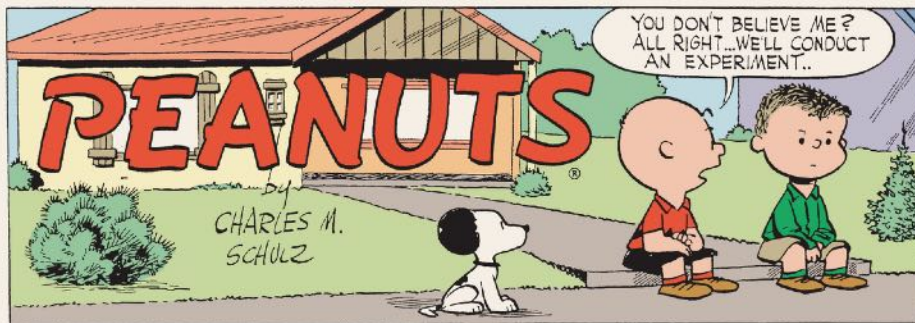


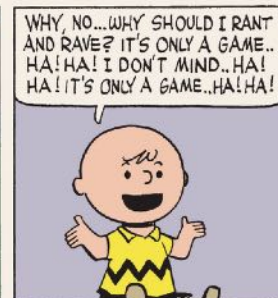
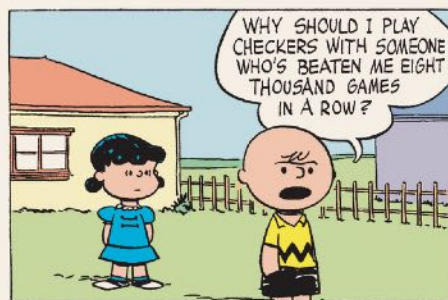


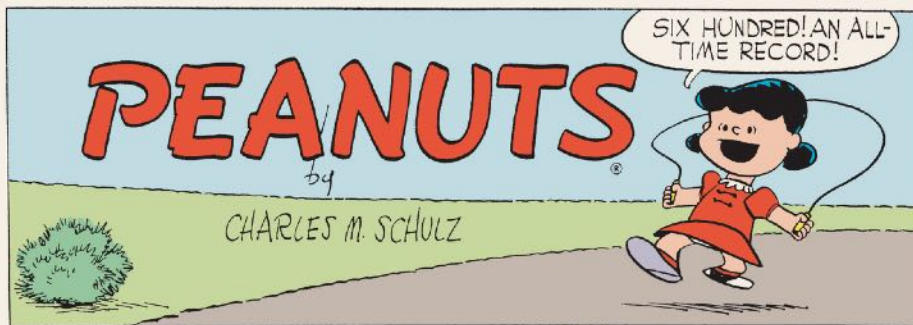


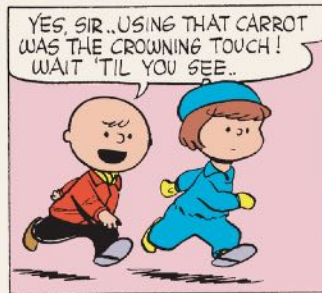
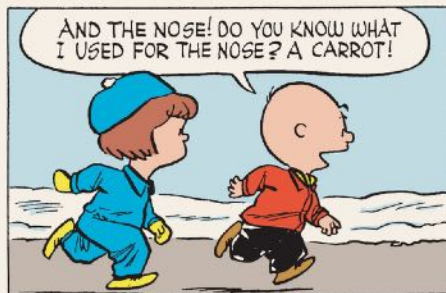
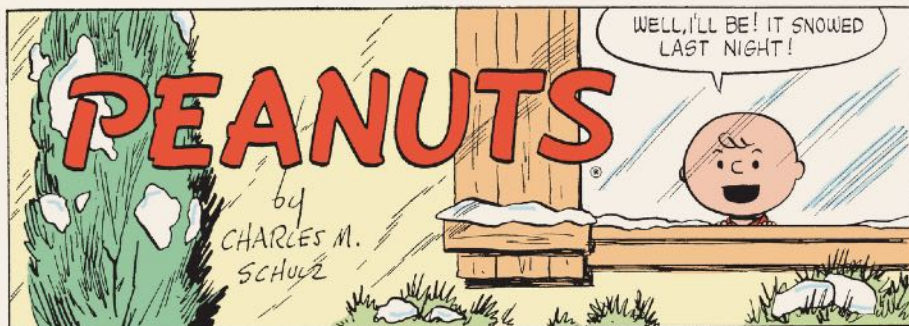


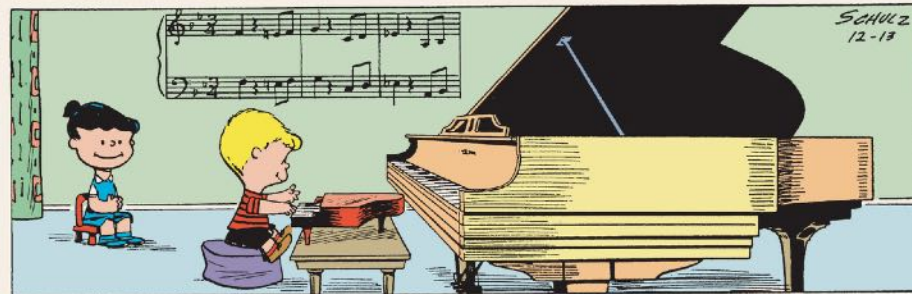


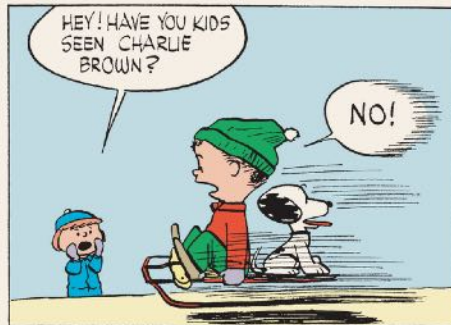
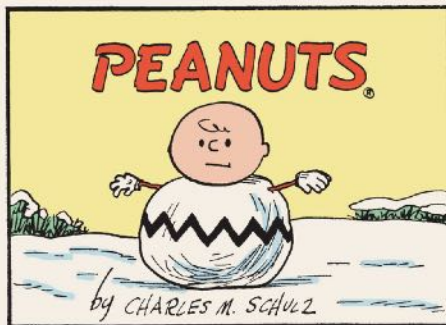




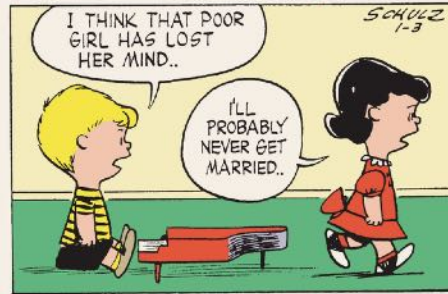
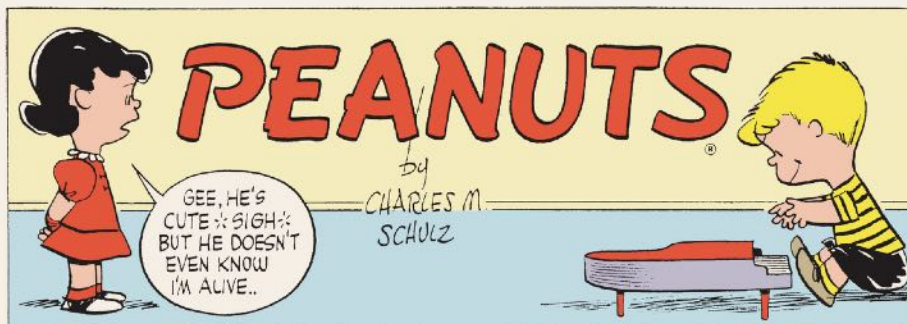


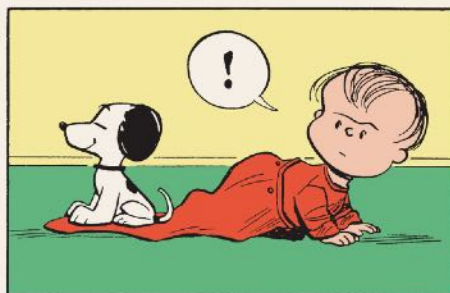
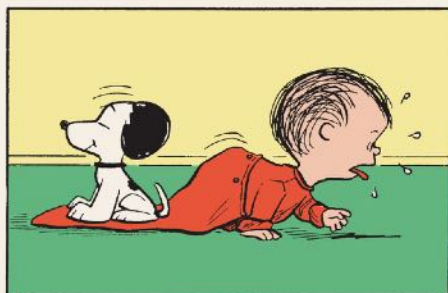
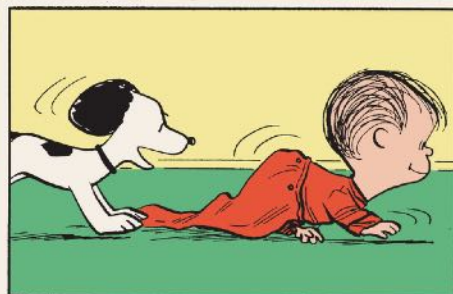
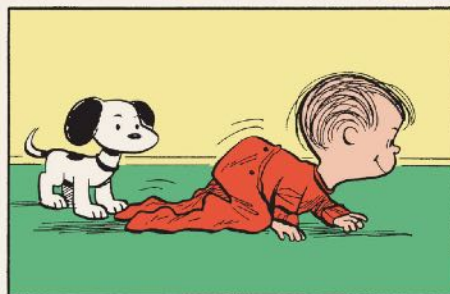
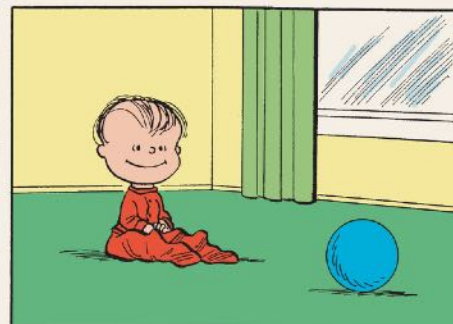












PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M.
SCHULZ

BIG KIDS
DRIVE ME
CRAZY...

WELL,
I'LL
BE!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!

ALL THESE
TOYS, AND
NOBODY
AROUND

NO BIG KIDS TO
TAKE THINGS
AWAY FROM ME
JUST WHEN I'M
STARTING TO
HAVE FUN...

I CAN'T
STAND BIG
KIDS..

I CAN'T GET OVER
IT.. ALL THESE TOYS
AND NOBODY
AROUND...

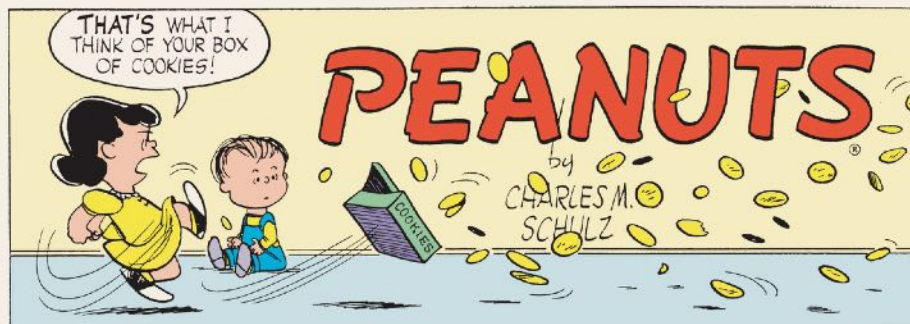
OH, GOOD GRIEF!
HERE THEY COME!

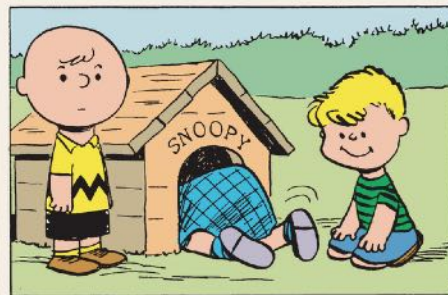
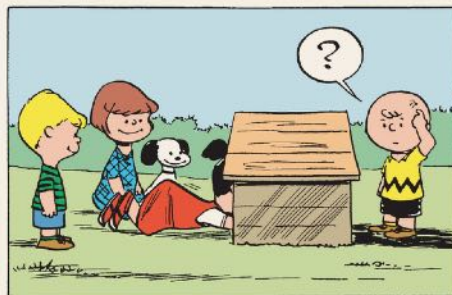
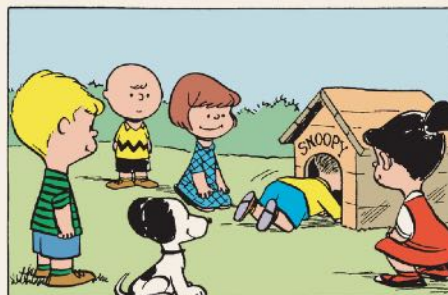
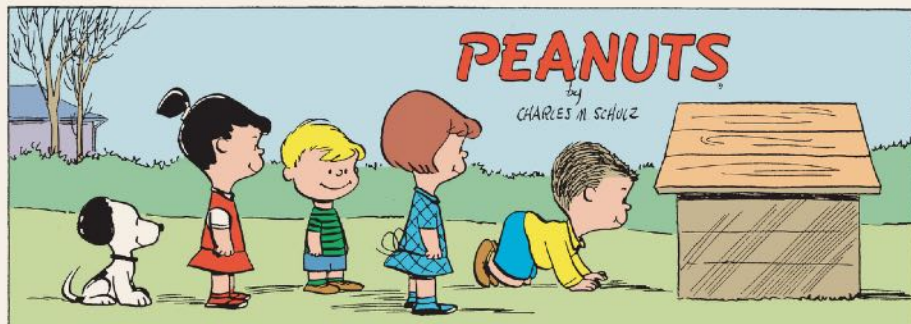
BIG KIDS!!

* SIGH *

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SCHULZ

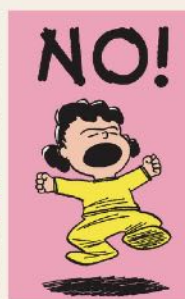
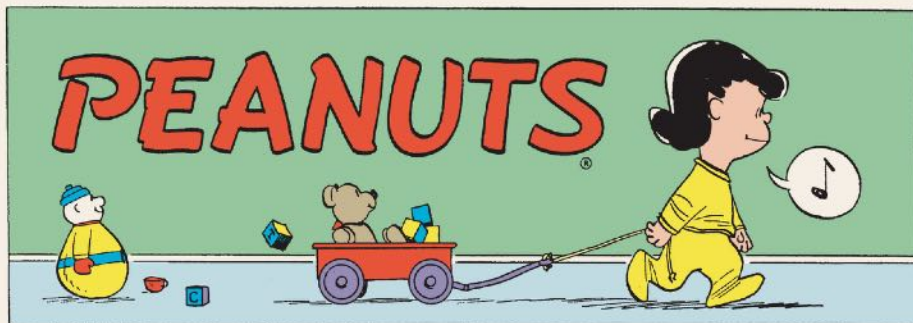




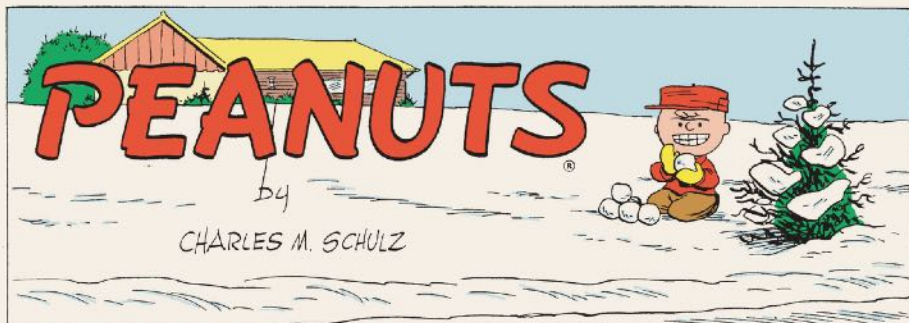


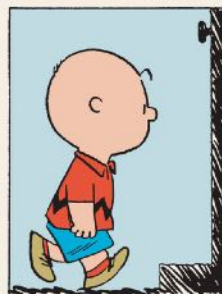
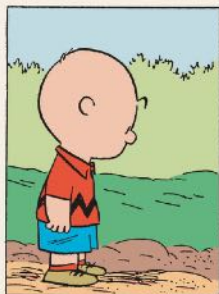
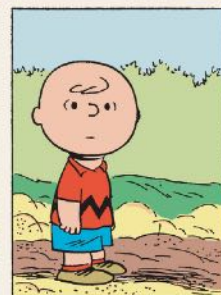
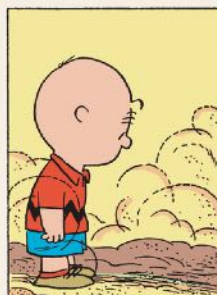
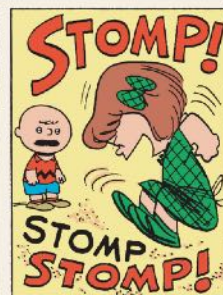
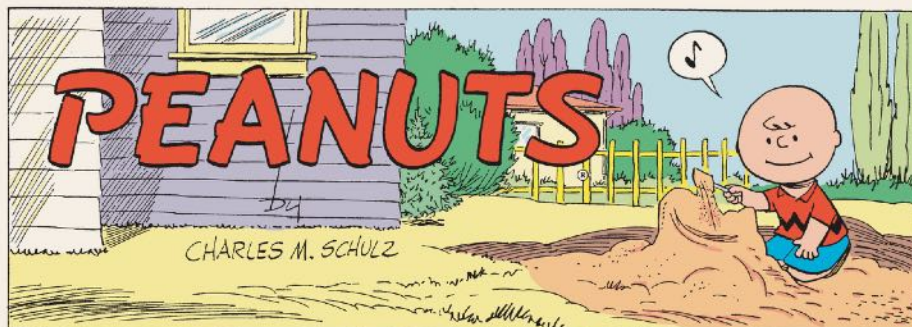


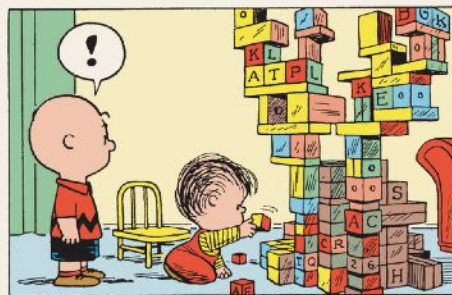
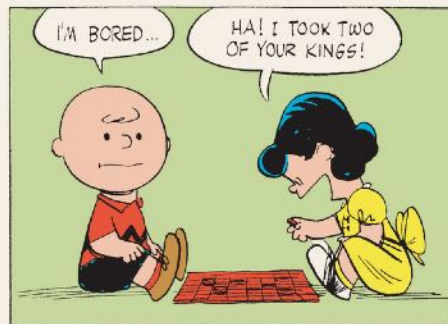
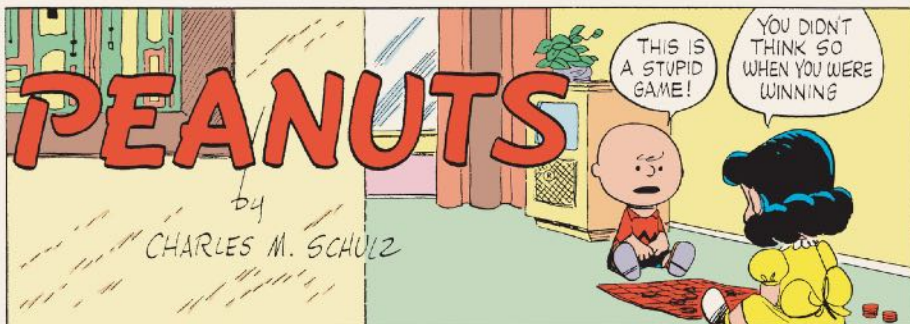


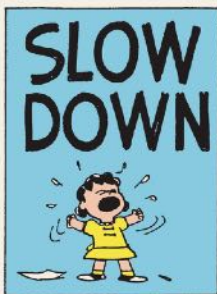




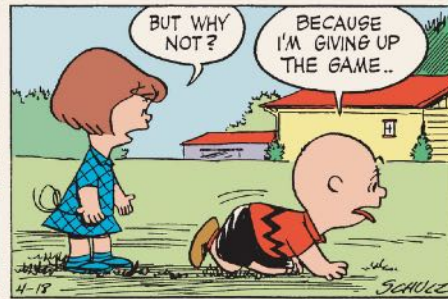
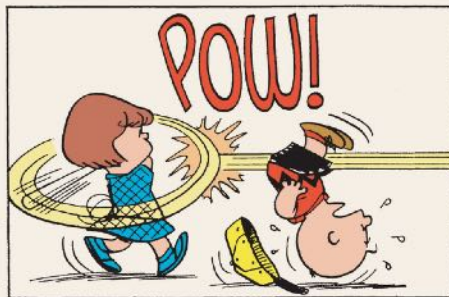
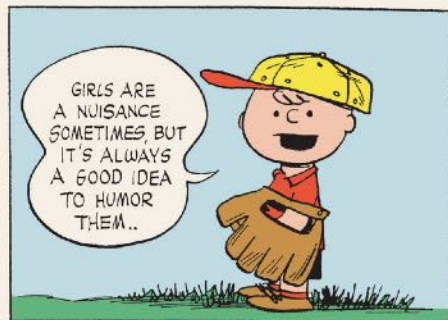
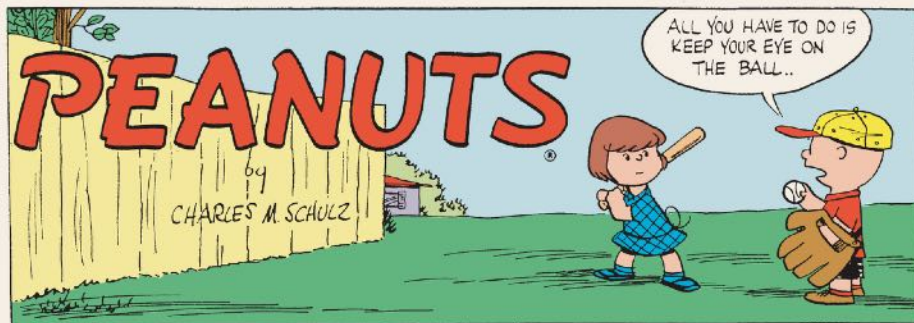


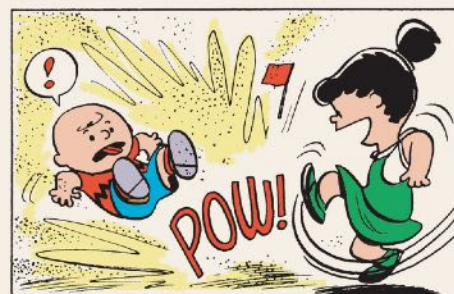
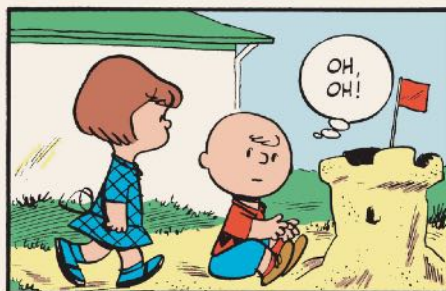


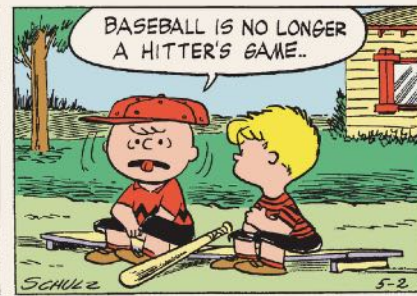
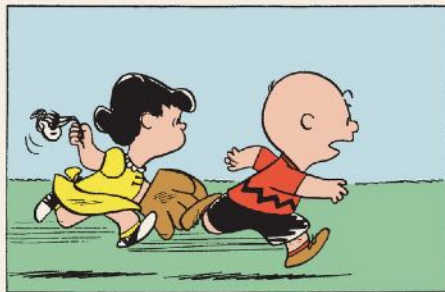


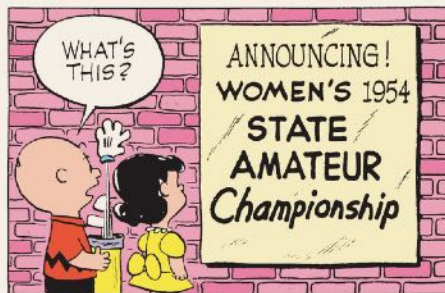
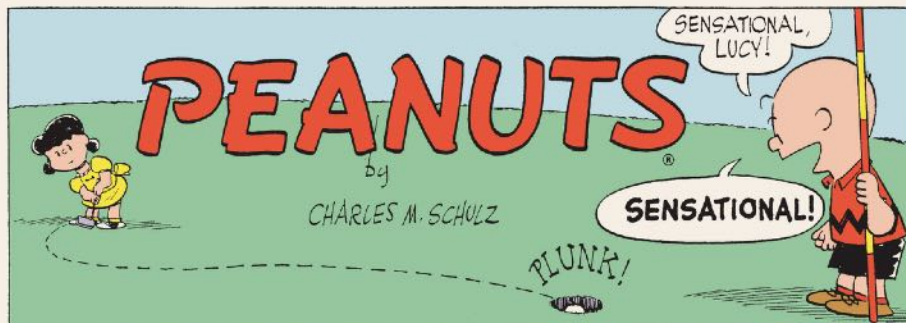


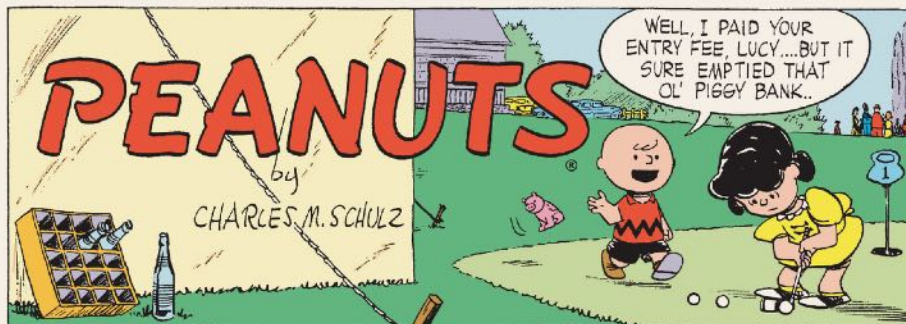


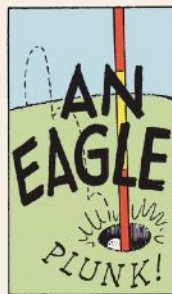
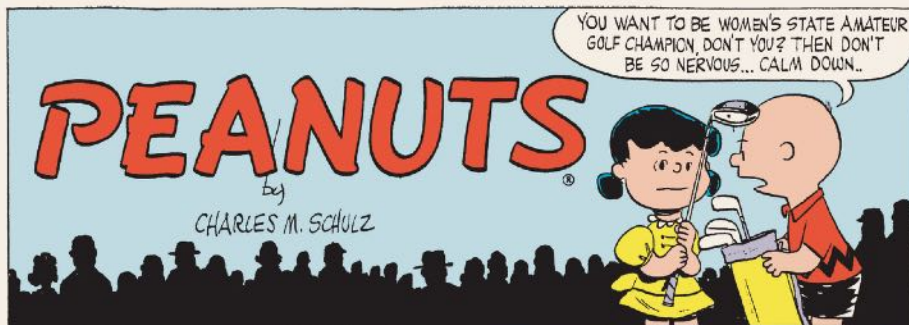


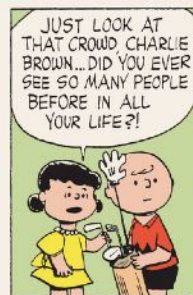
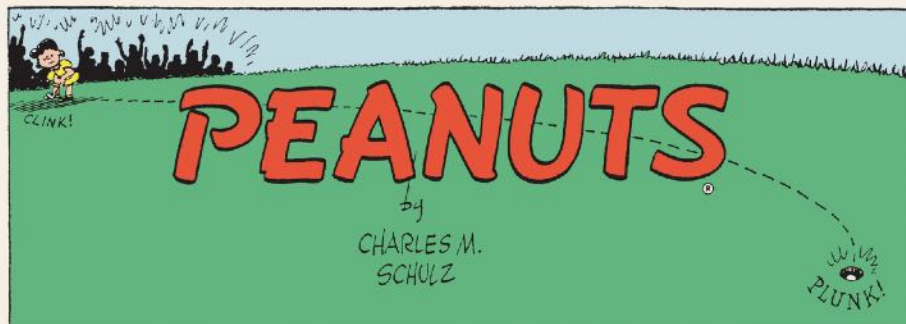


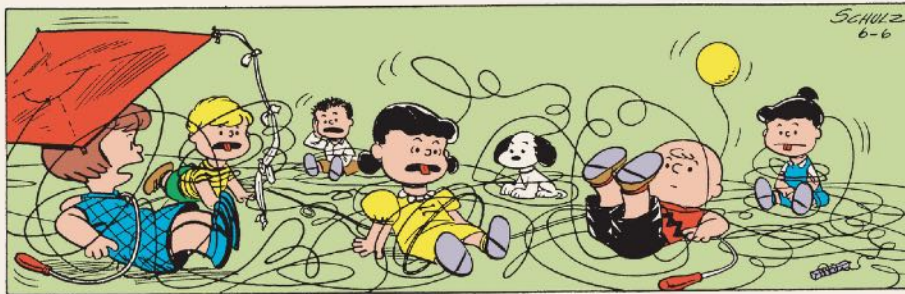
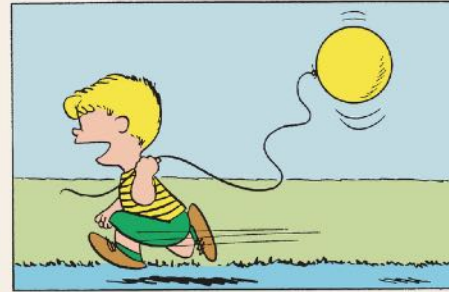
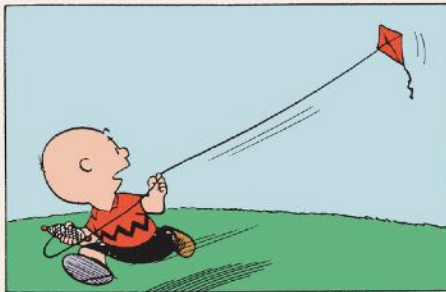


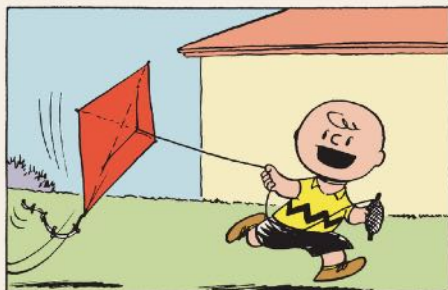
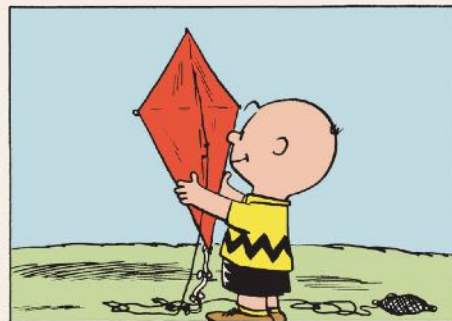
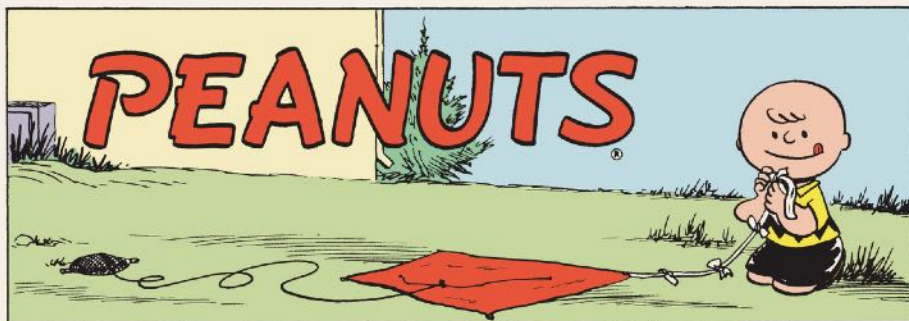








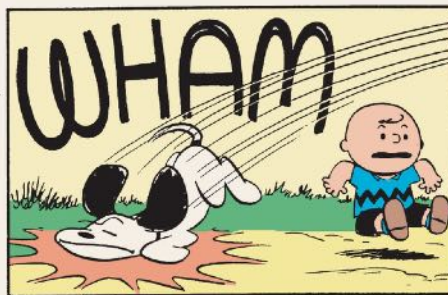
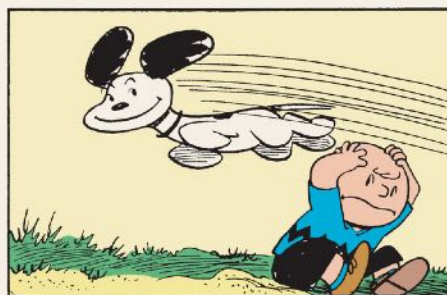
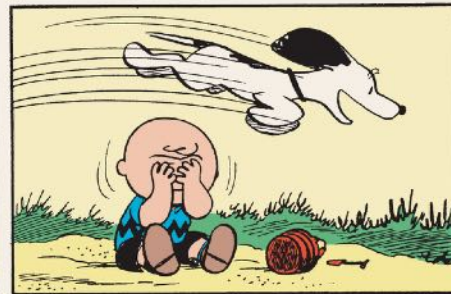
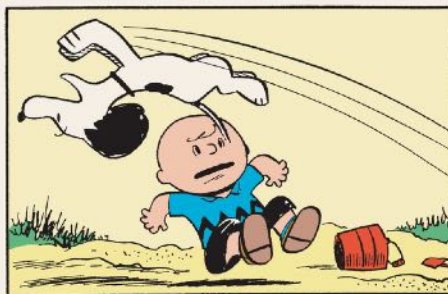
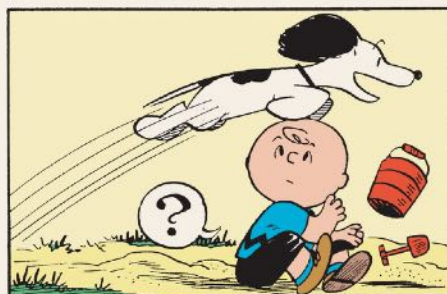


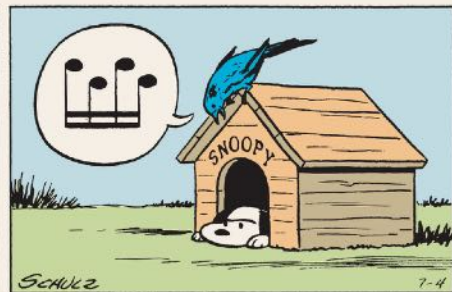
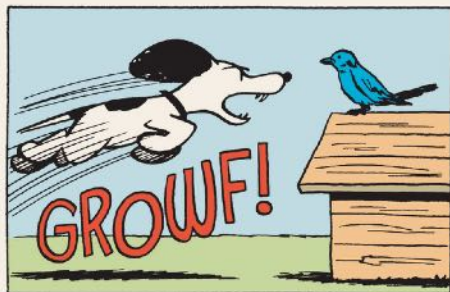


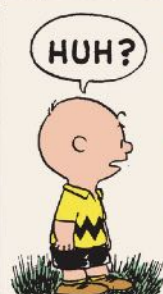
PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ









PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M.
SCHULZ

I APPRECIATE YOUR COMING
OVER TO HELP ME, CHARLIE
BROWN...

THE FIRST THING WE
DO IS GET YOU A STOOL
TO SIT ON...

THIS IS SOMETHING
I LEARNED FROM
VIRGIL THOMSON

YOU SIT RIGHT THERE,
SEE, AND THEN I'LL PAINT
YOUR MUSICAL PORTRAIT.

OH, I GET IT...YOU'LL
TRY TO CAPTURE MY
PERSONALITY IN
MUSIC...RIGHT?

RIGHT...ARE
YOU READY?

I'M READY...THIS IS
VERY FLATTERING..

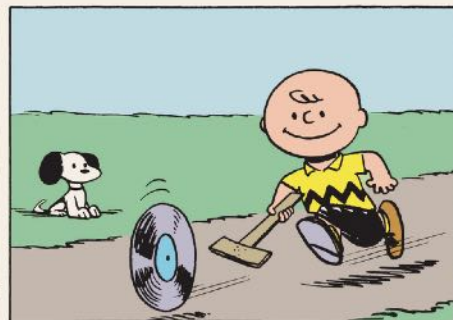
MINE IS THE TYPE OF
PERSONALITY THAT WILL
PROBABLY INSPIRE AN
HEROIC SYMPHONY...

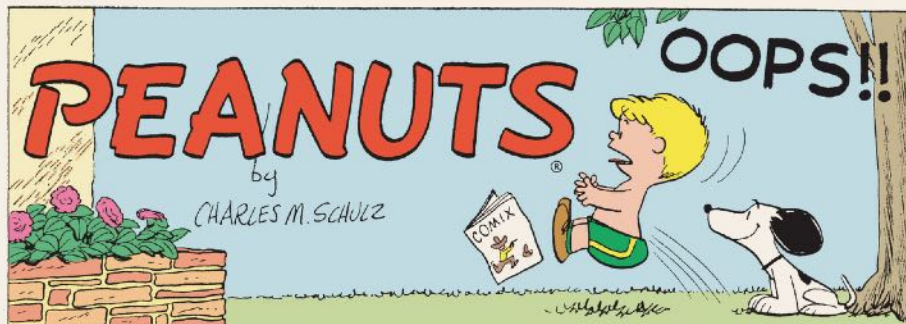
I DON'T HEAR
A THING...

✱ SIGH ✱

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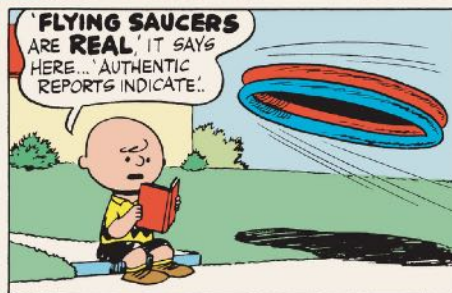
SCHULZ

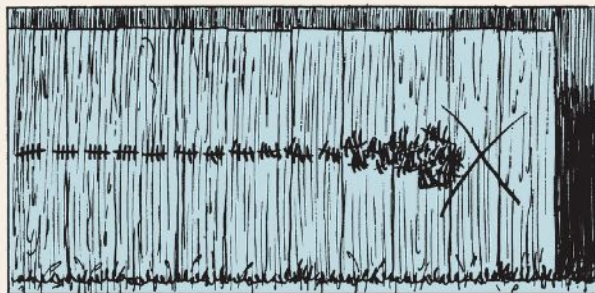
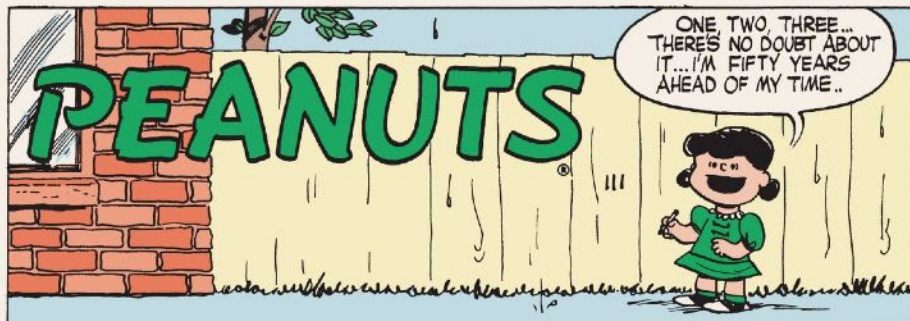


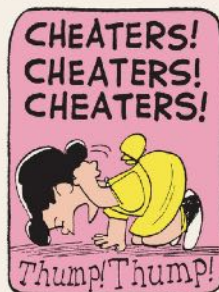
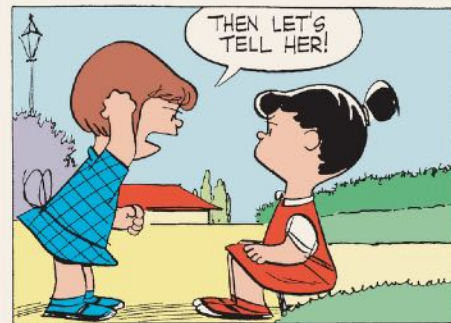
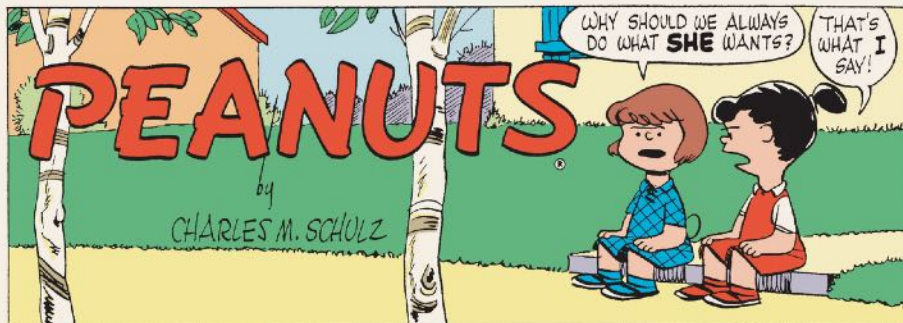


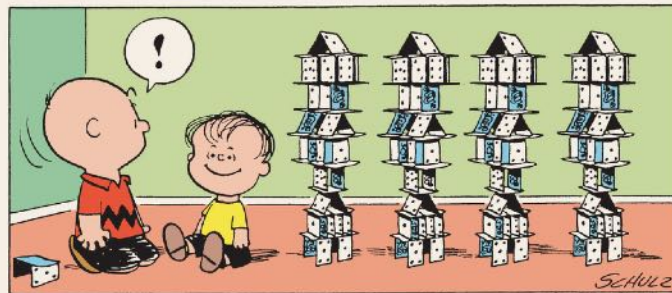
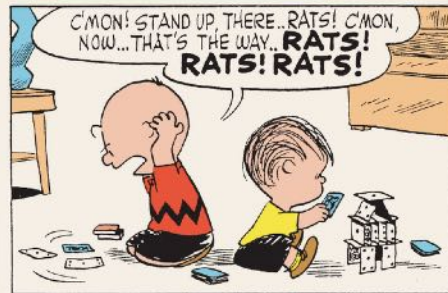
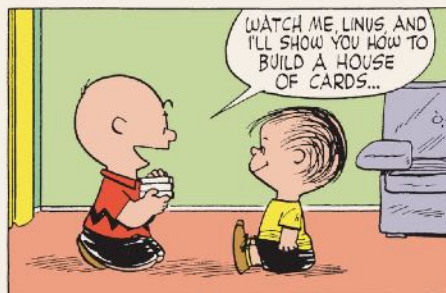
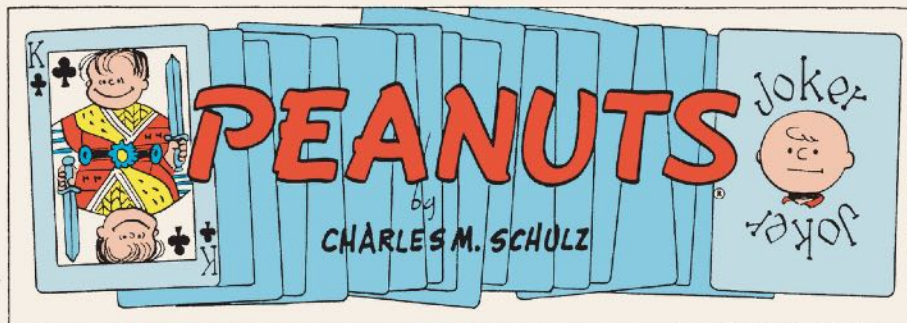


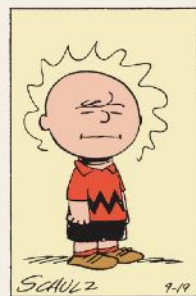
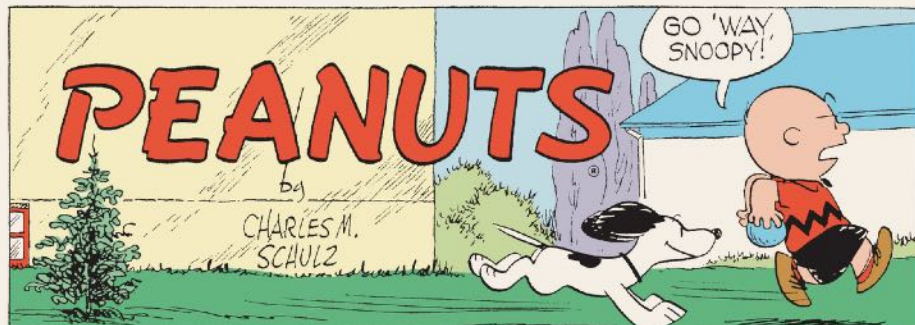


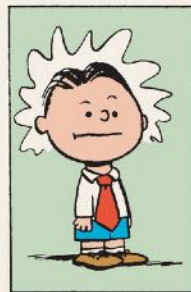
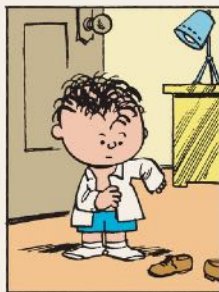
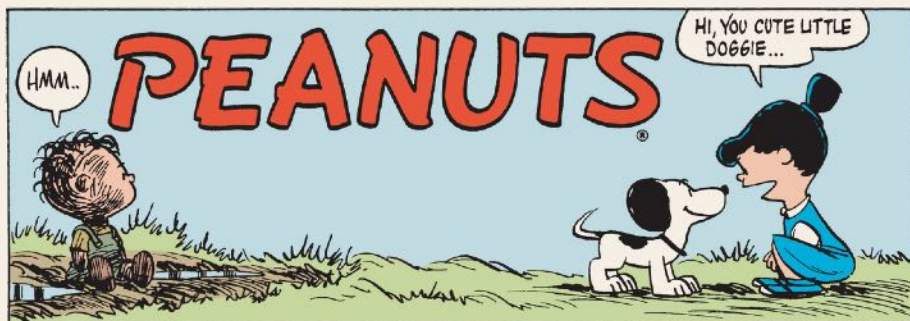




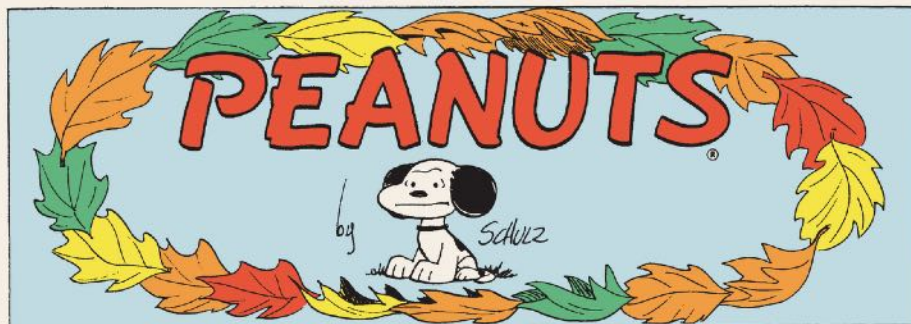


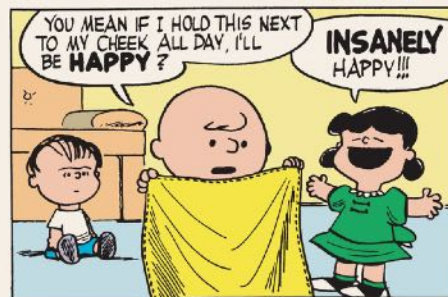
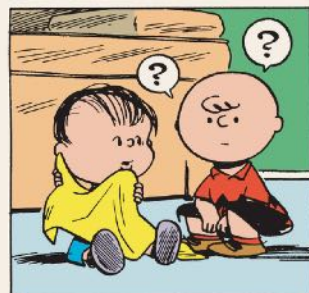


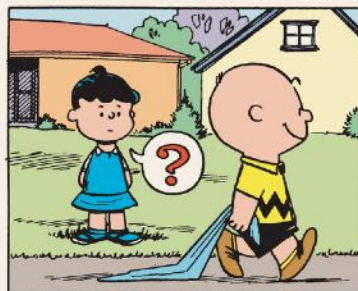


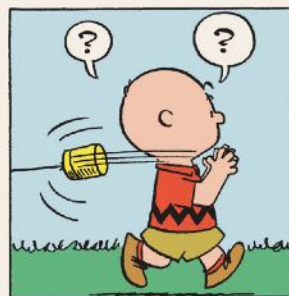


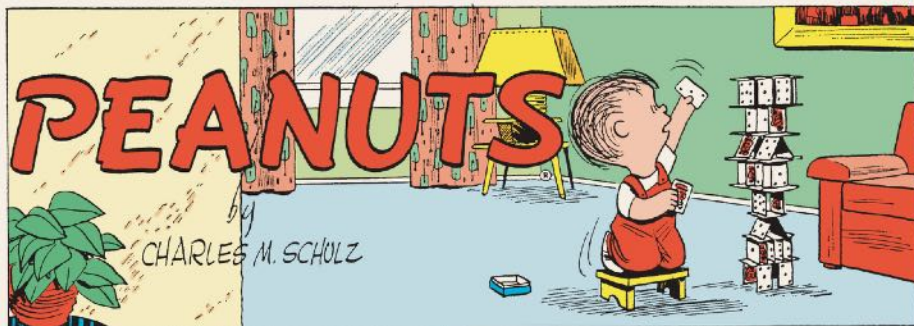




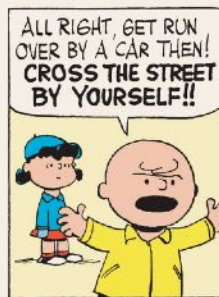
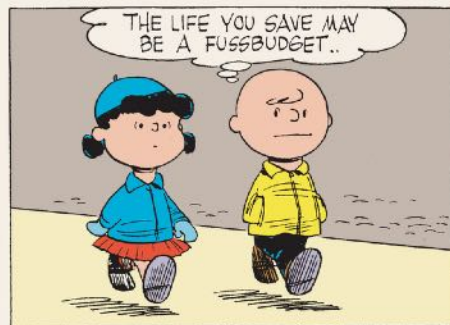


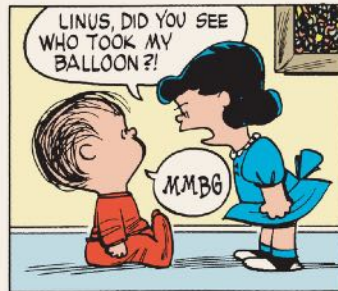
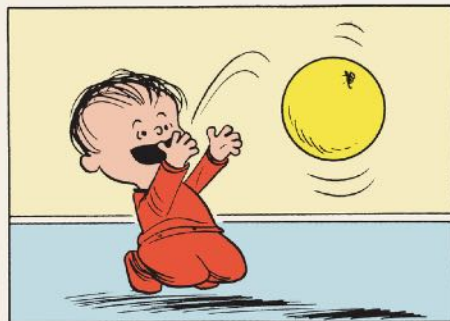
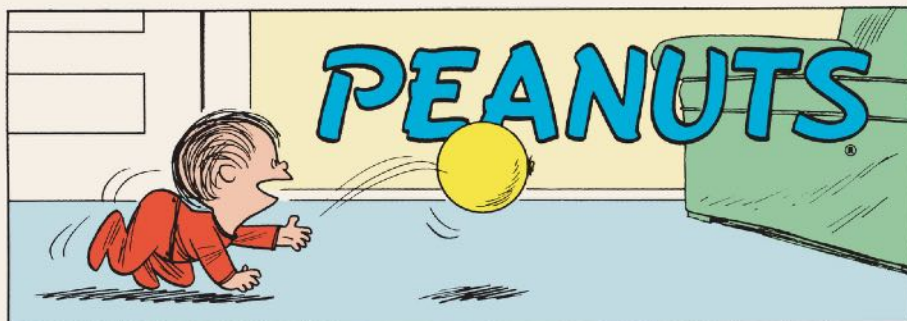


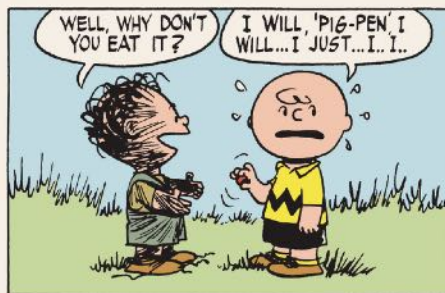
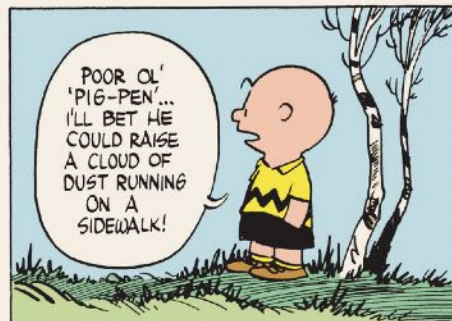




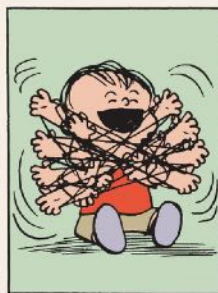


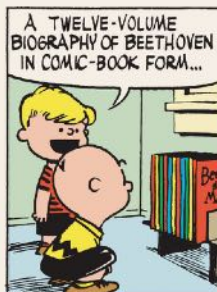
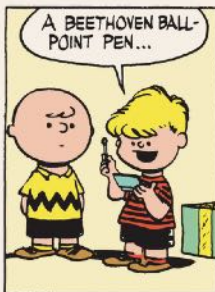
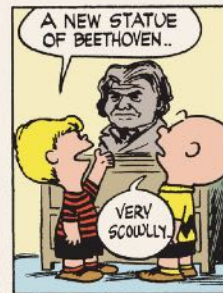
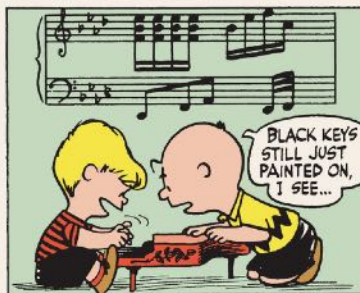


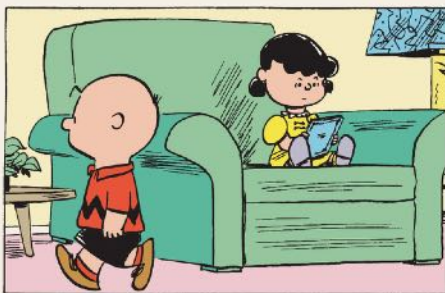
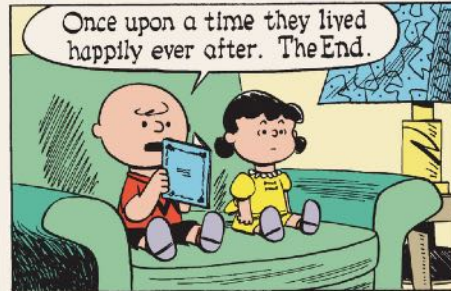
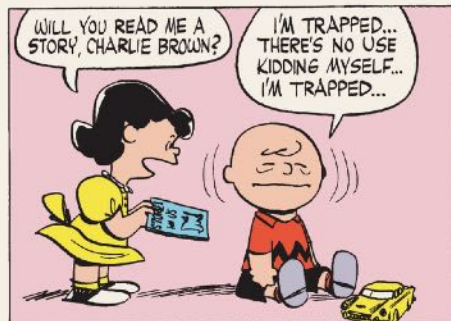


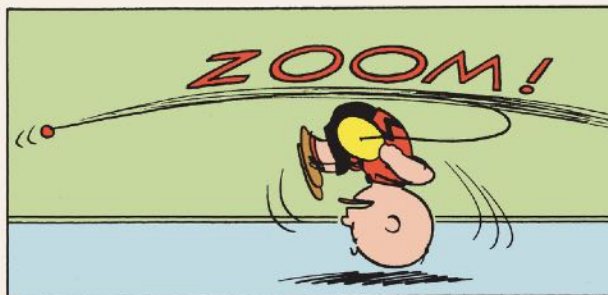
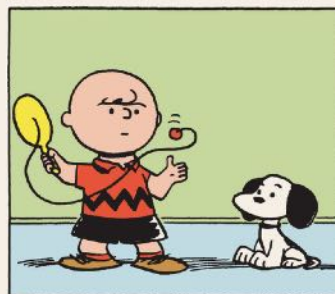
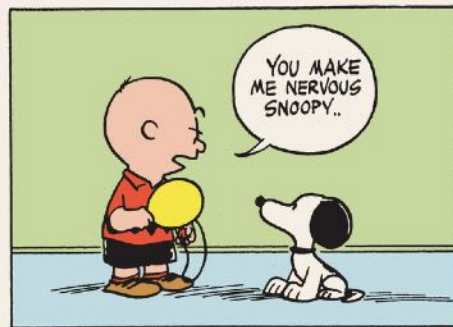
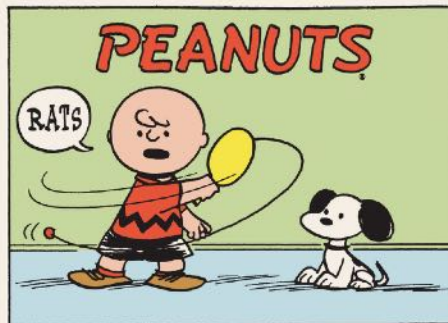


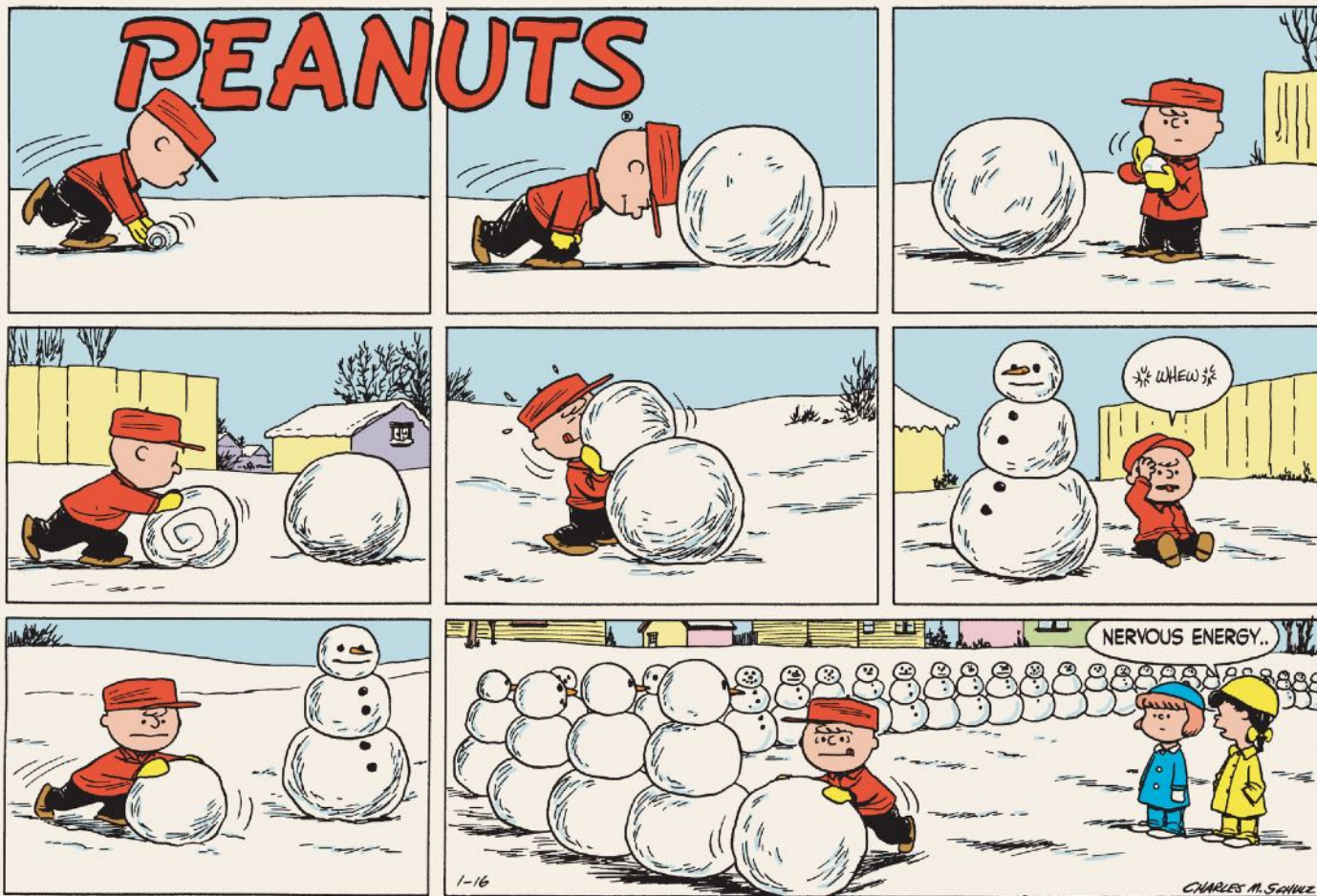


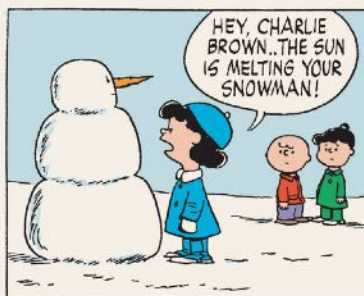
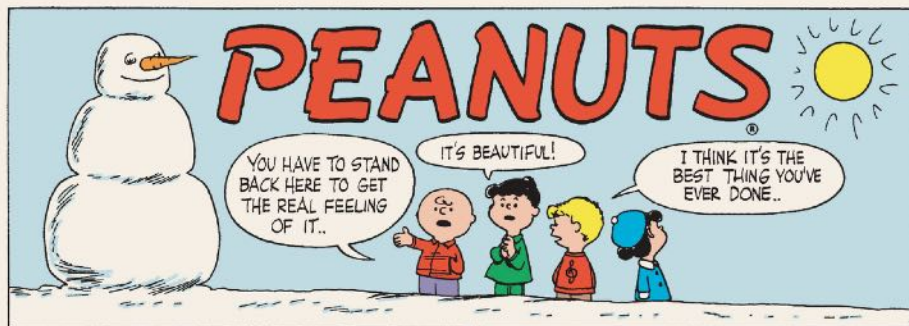




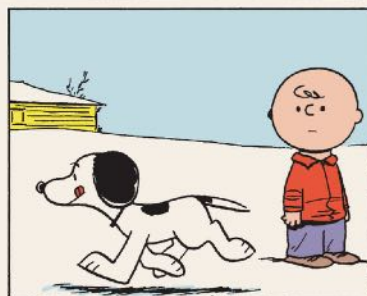
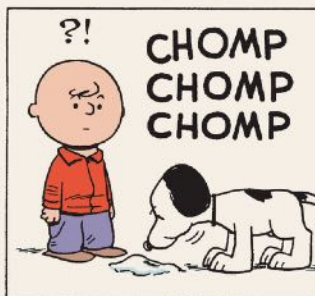


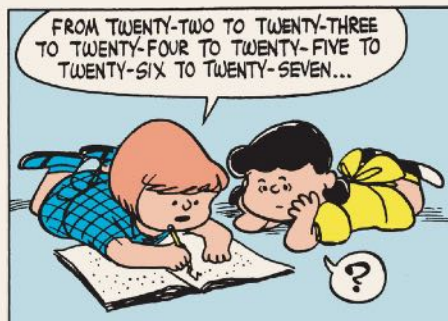






WHAT?

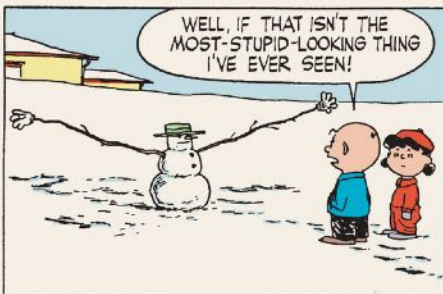


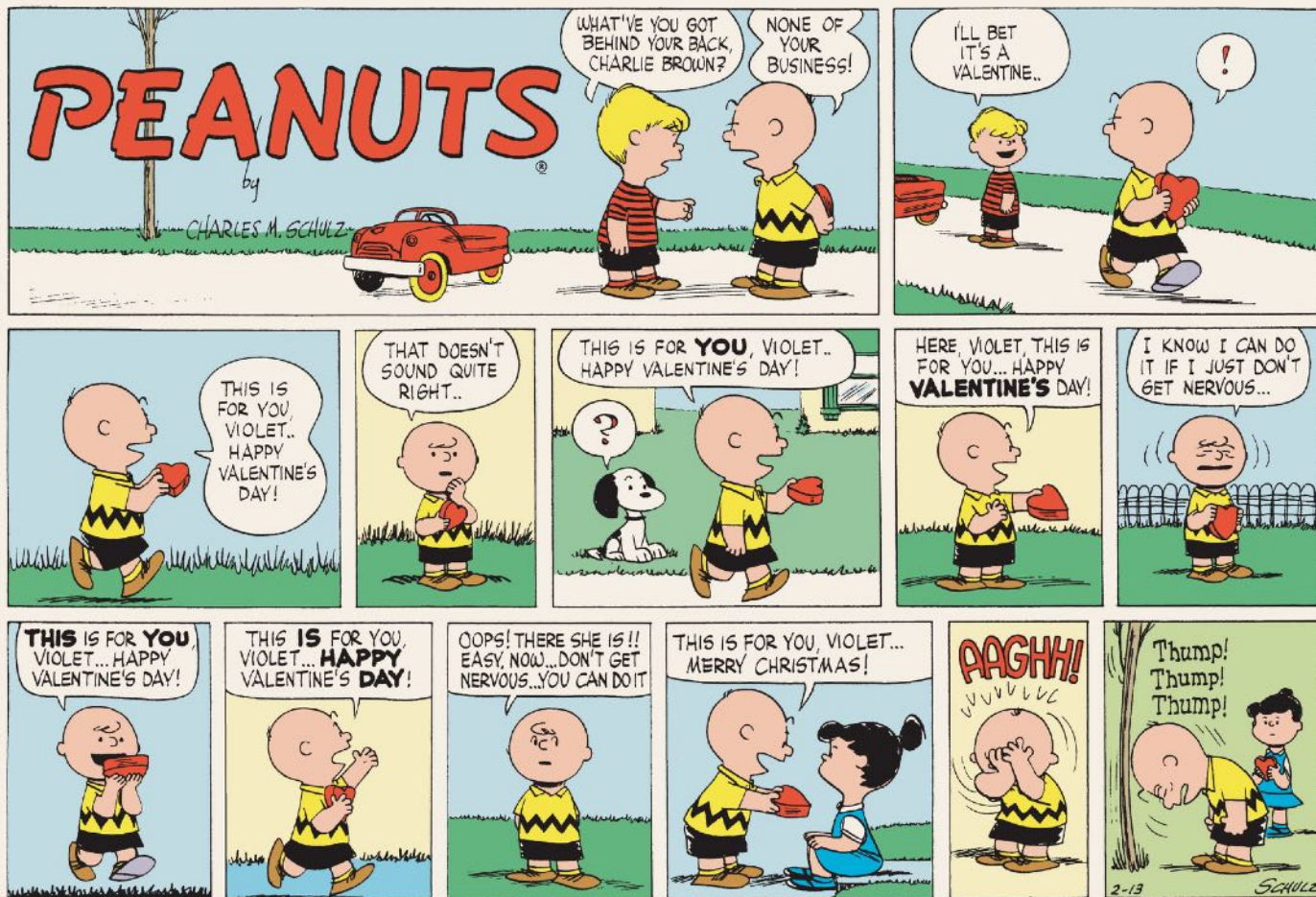


AND THERE'S A PICTURE OF A KITTY! WELL, I'LL BE!

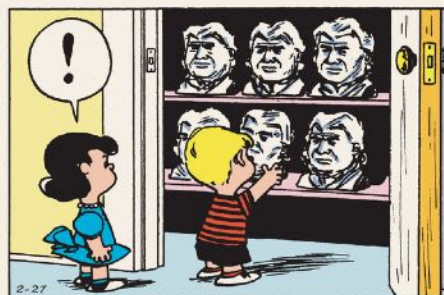
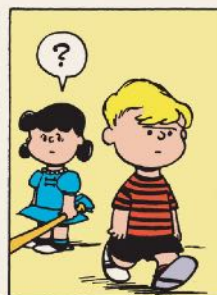
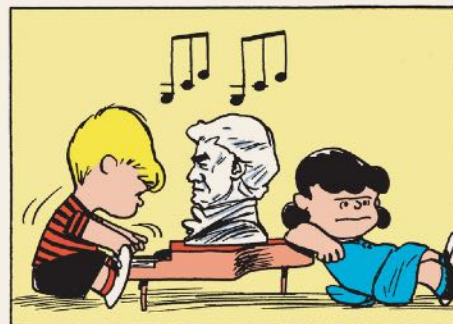


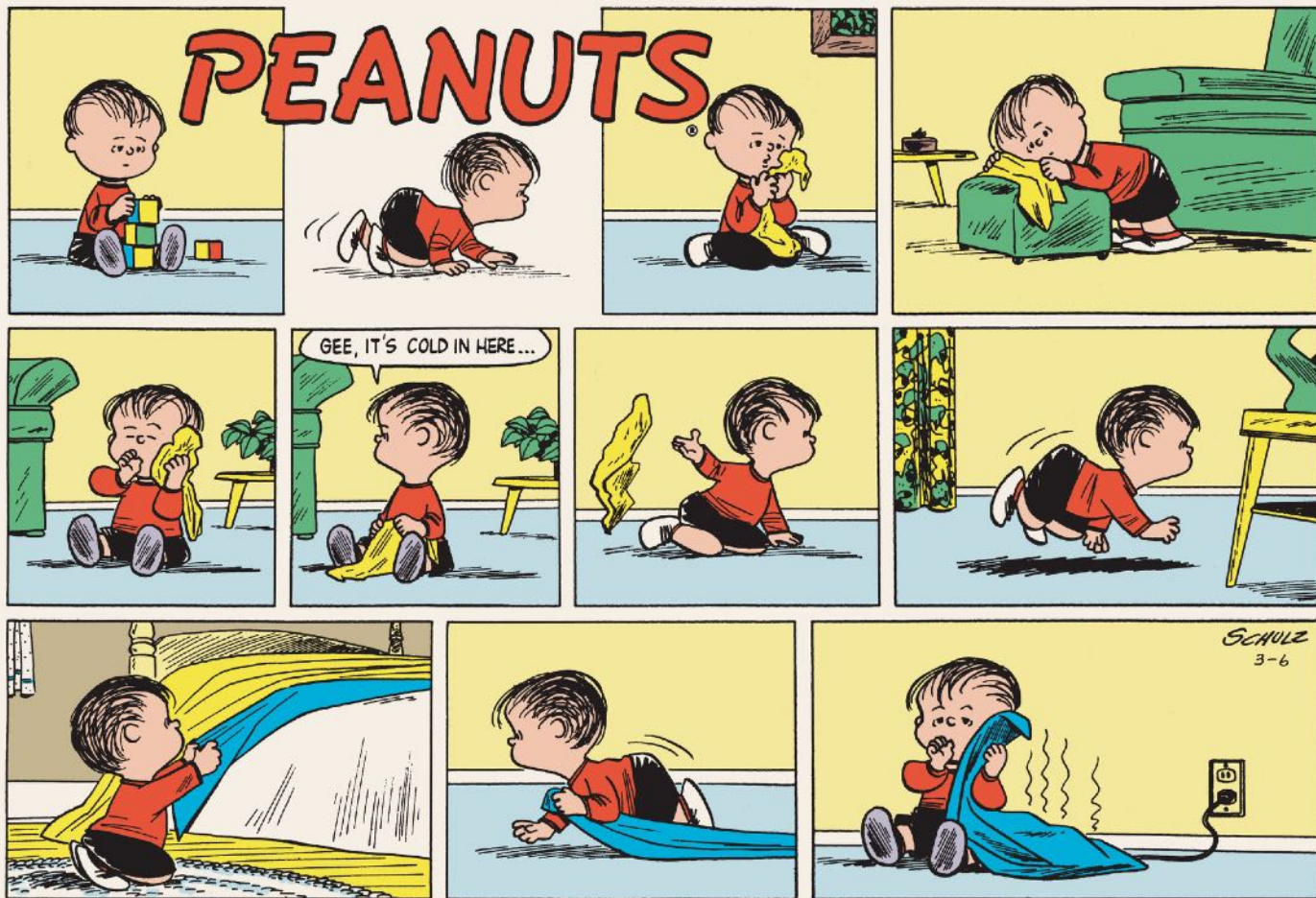
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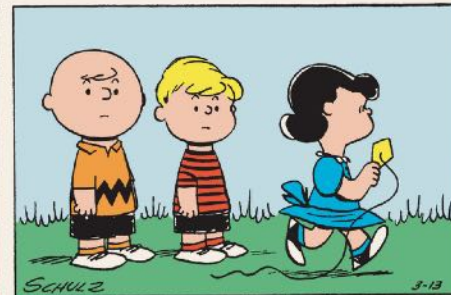
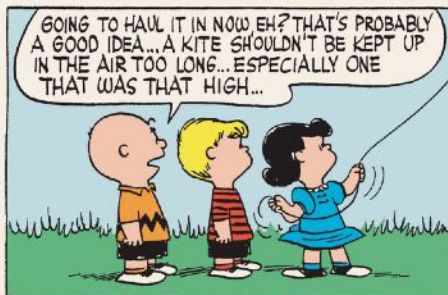
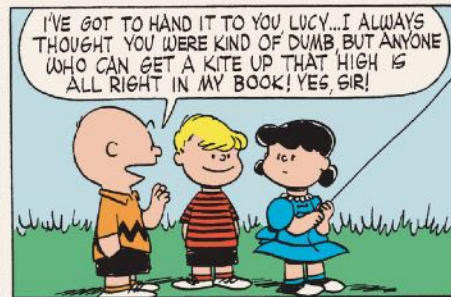


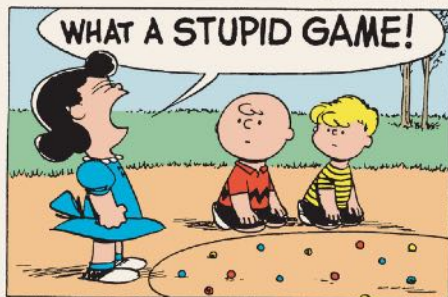
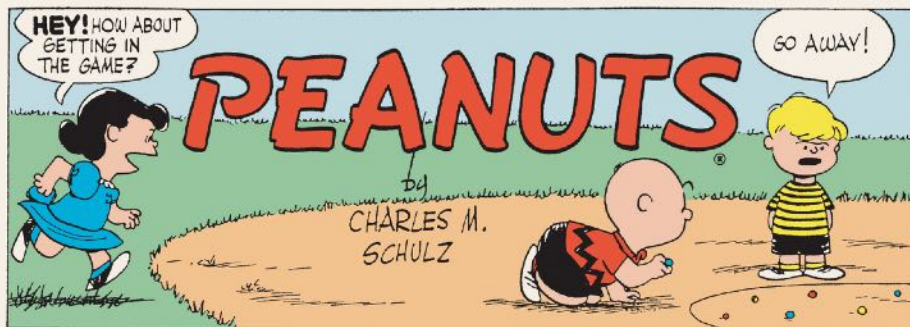












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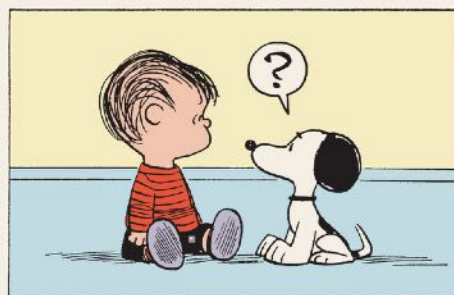
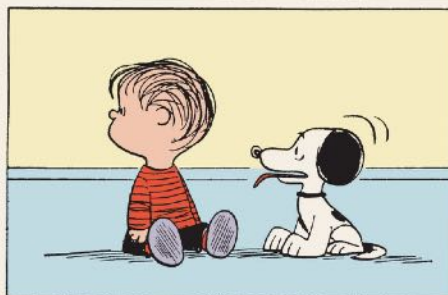
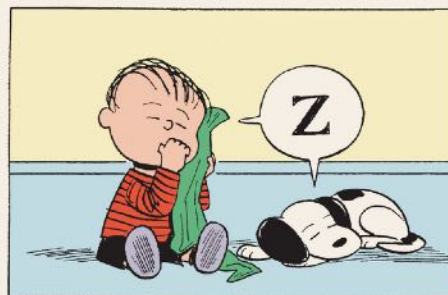
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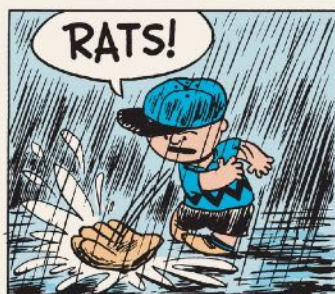
HE'S IN
THE OTHER
ROOM

WHY DON'T YOU
GO THROW YOURSELF
ON THE FLOOR,
FUSSBUDGET?

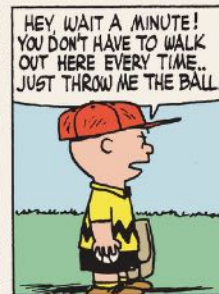
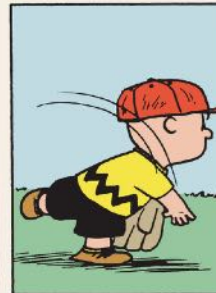
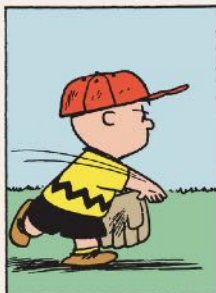
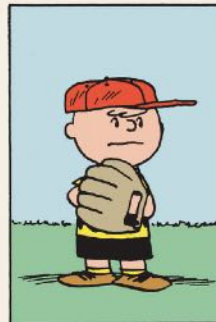
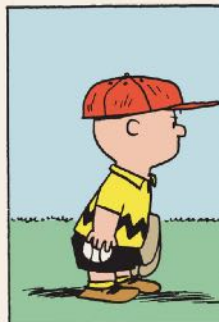
BASKETBALL IS A GREAT GAME, I TELL YOU! A PERFECT COMBINATION OF SPEED AND SKILL, AND...

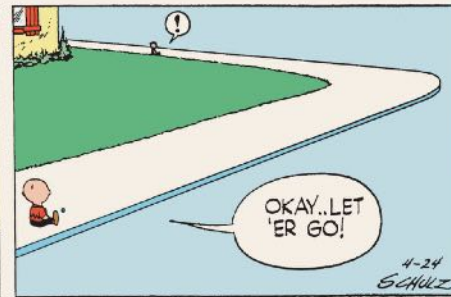
THERE'S NOTHING
MORE ANNOYING THAN A
SMART-ALECKY KID!

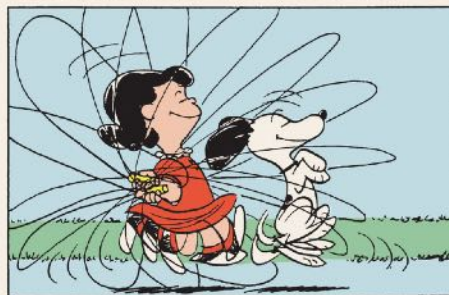
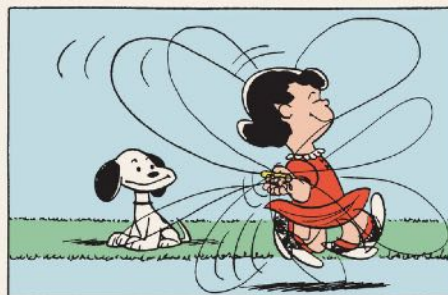
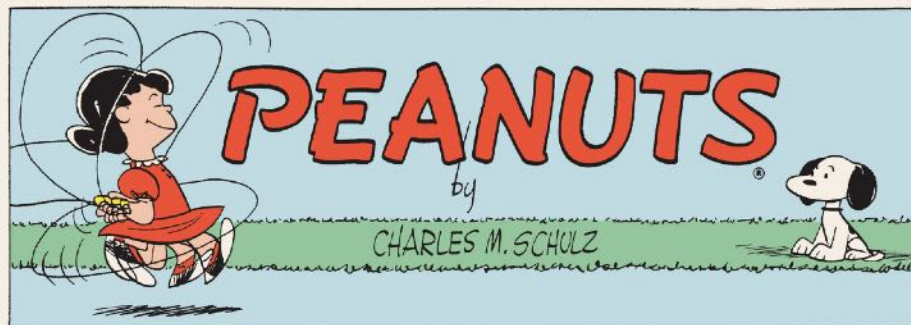


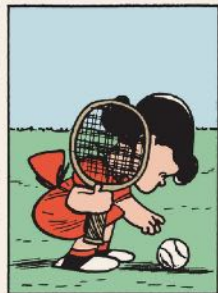
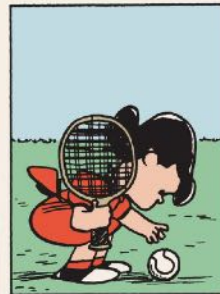
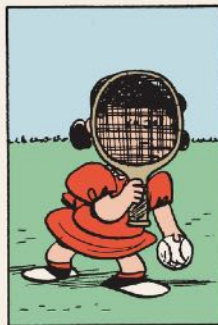


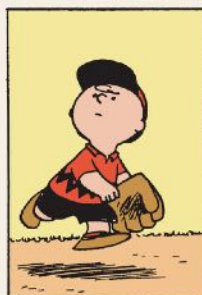
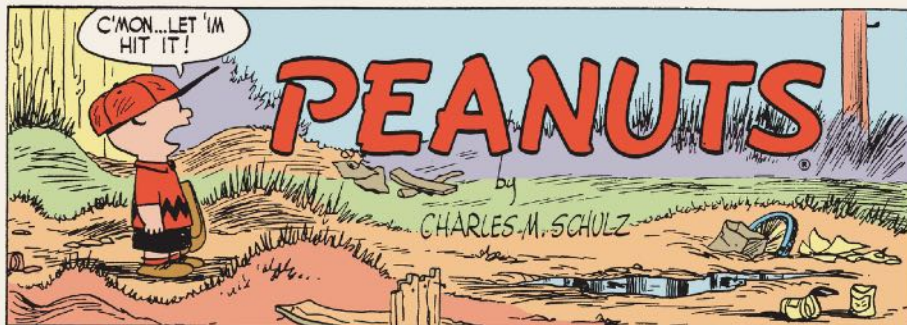
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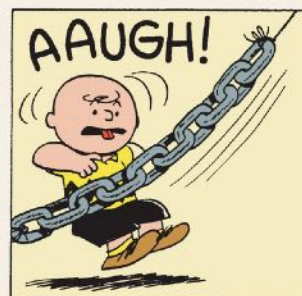


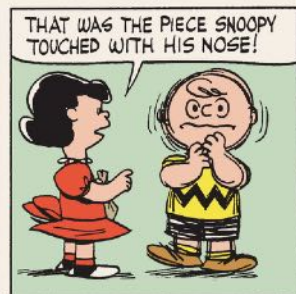
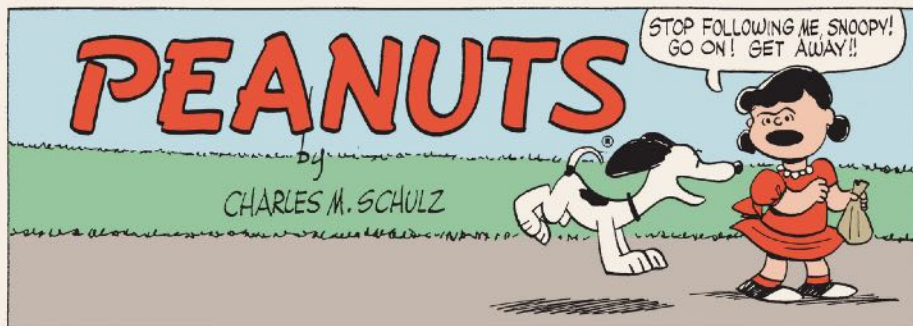






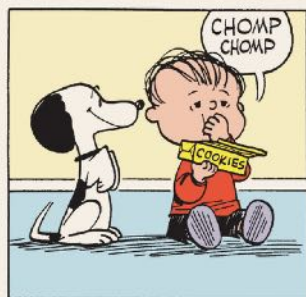
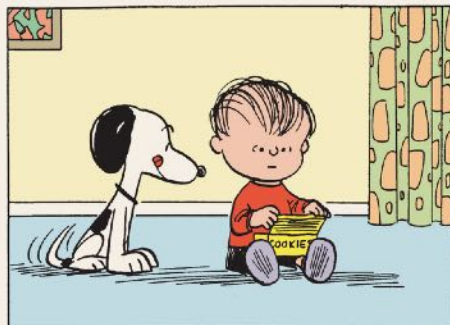


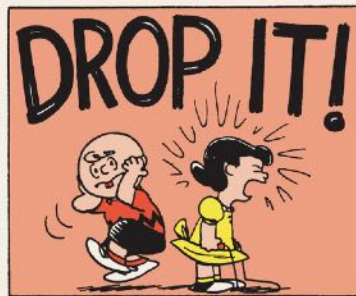
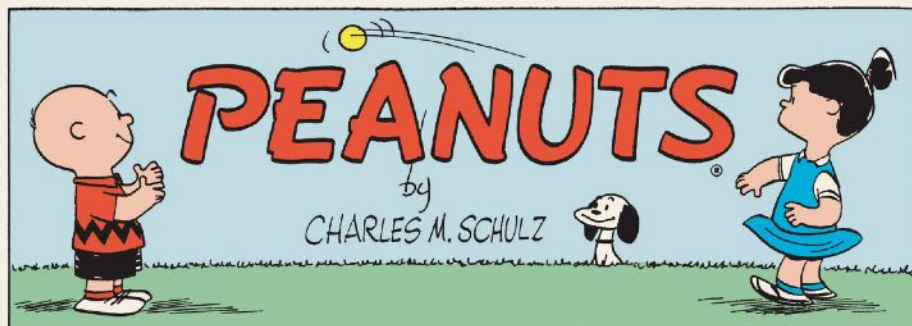


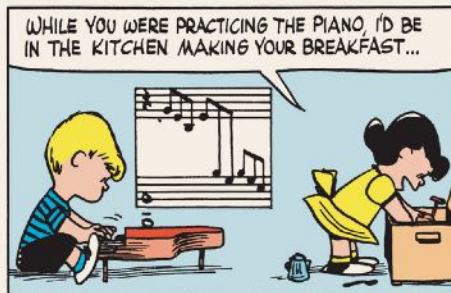
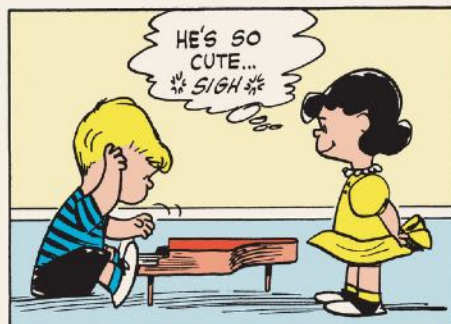


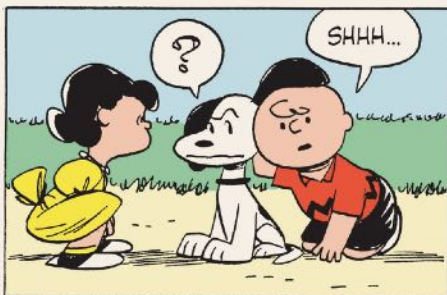
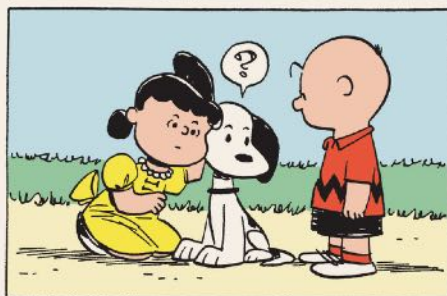
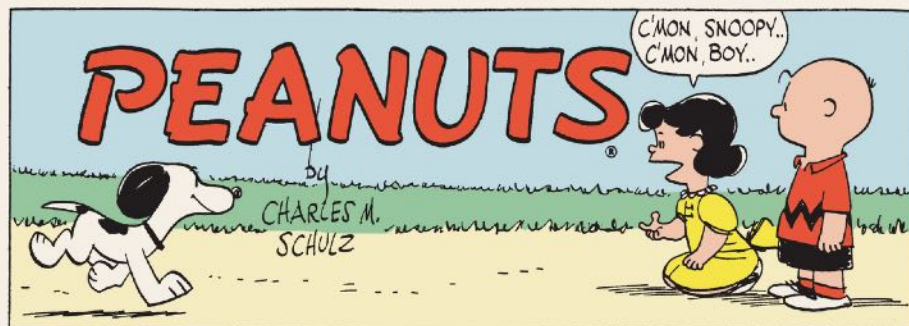
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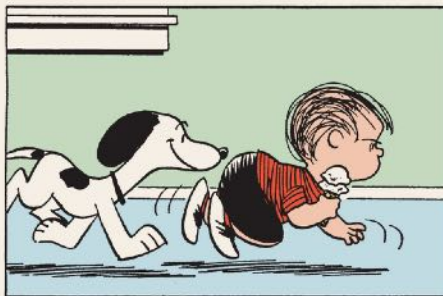
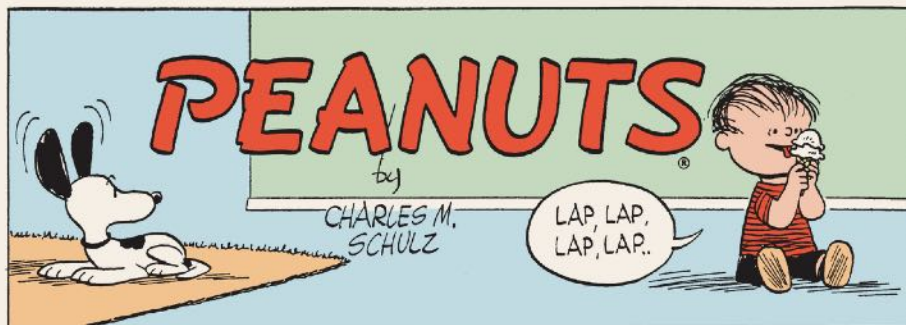
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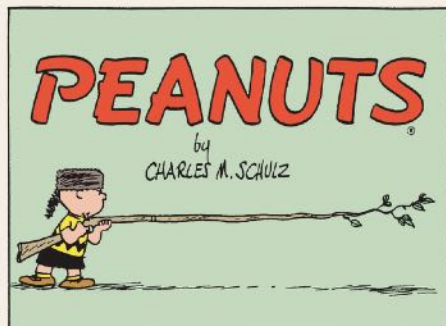


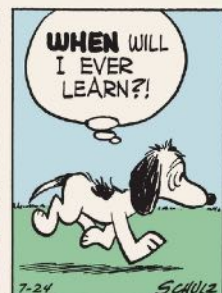
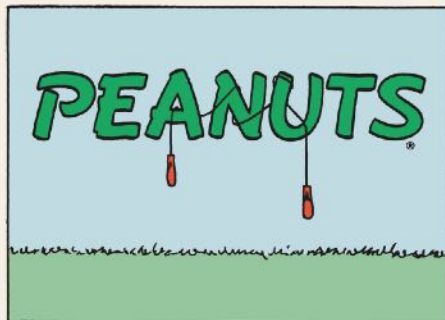


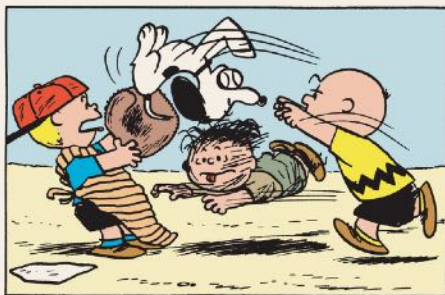
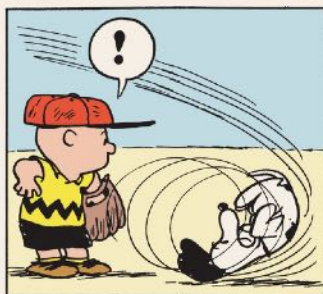
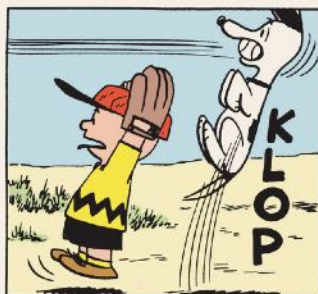
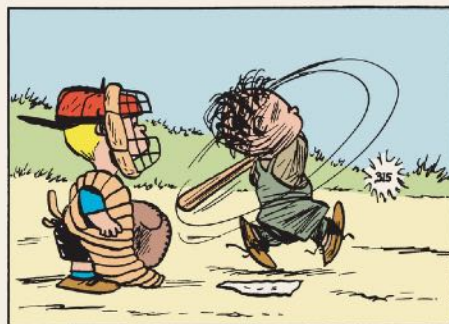
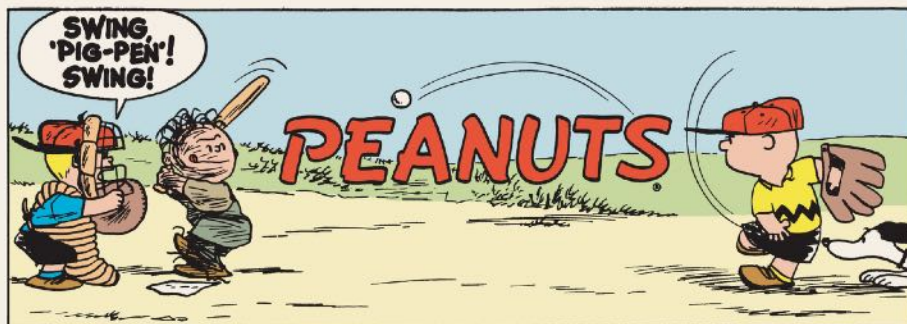


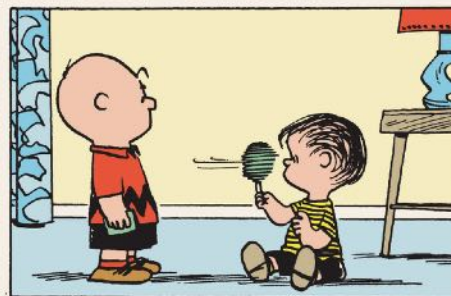
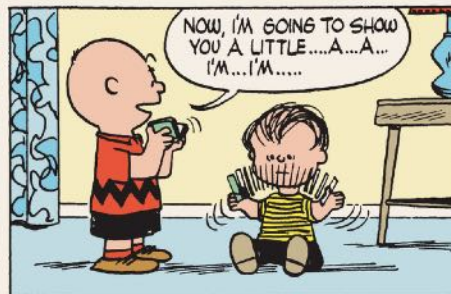
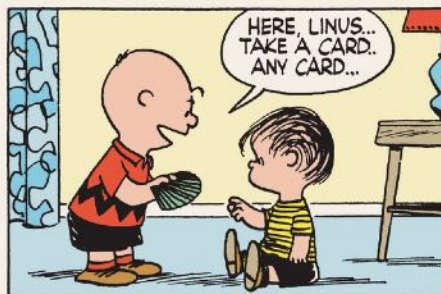
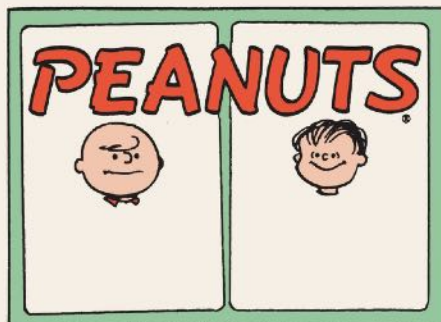




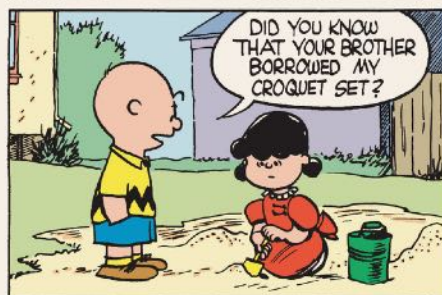
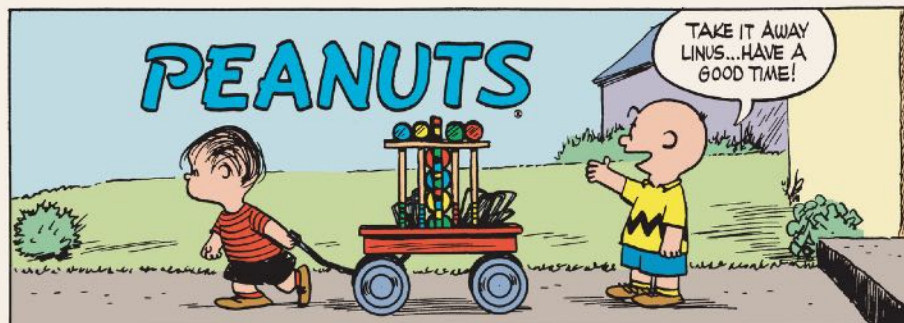


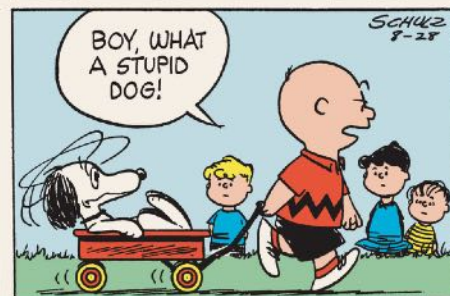
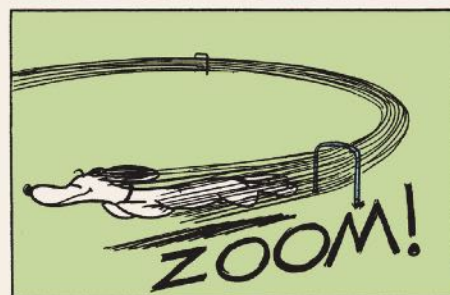
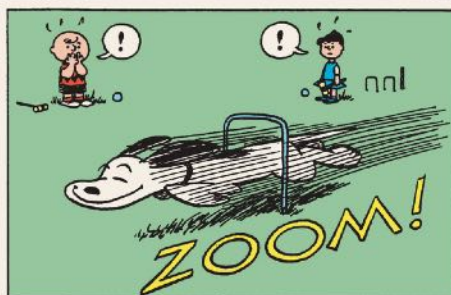


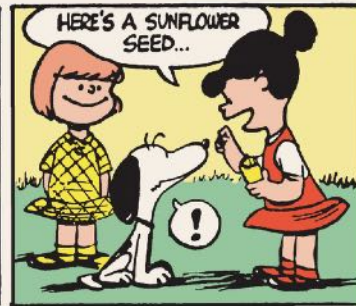
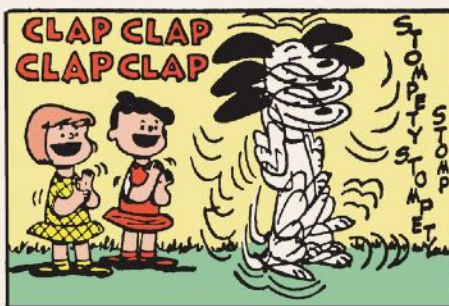
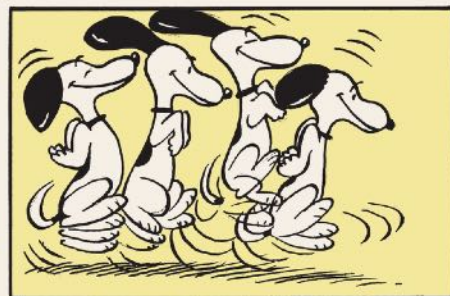


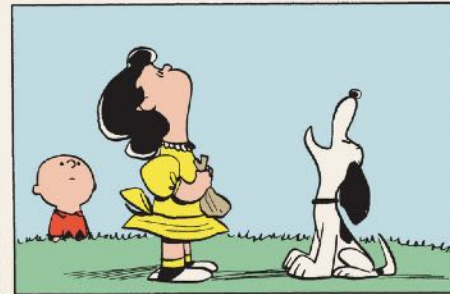
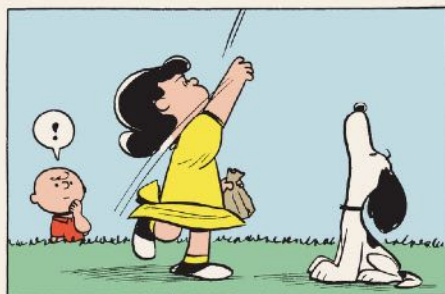




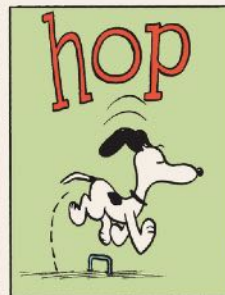
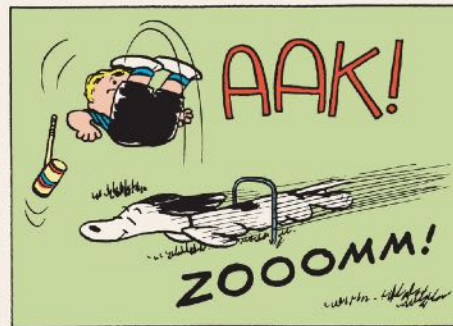
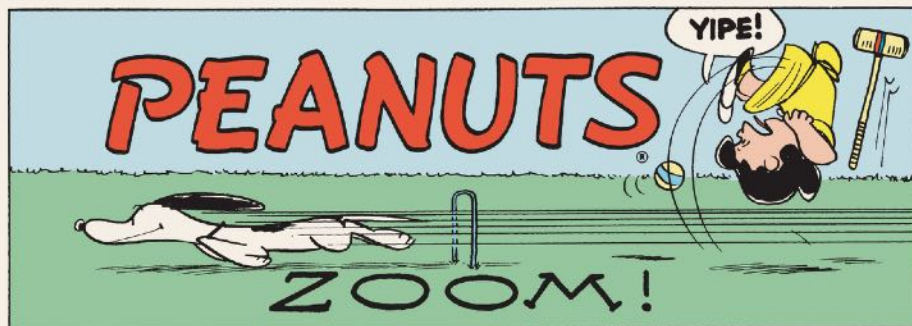








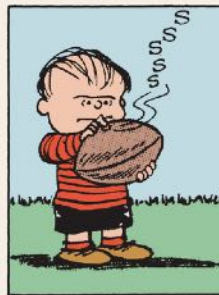
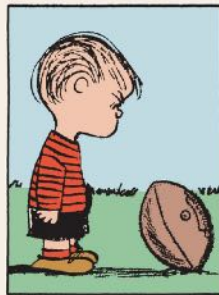
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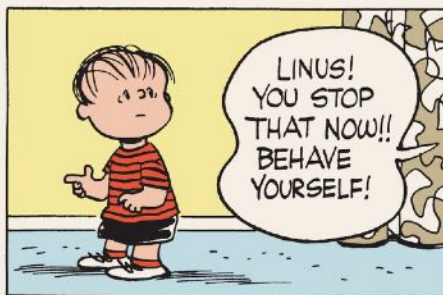


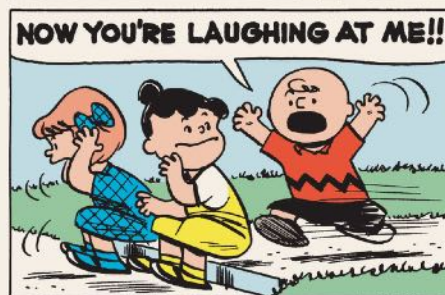
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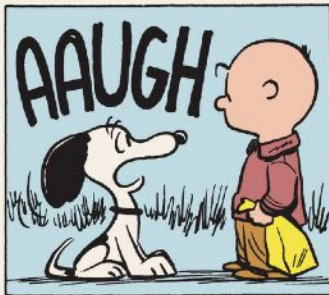
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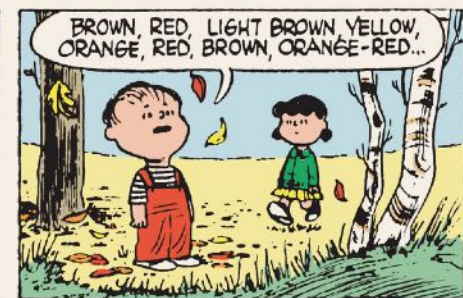
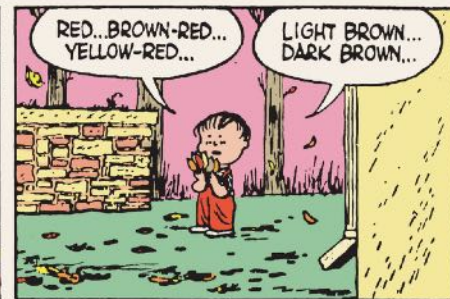


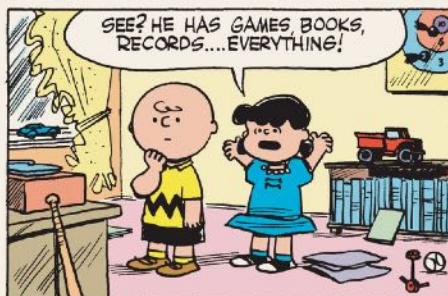
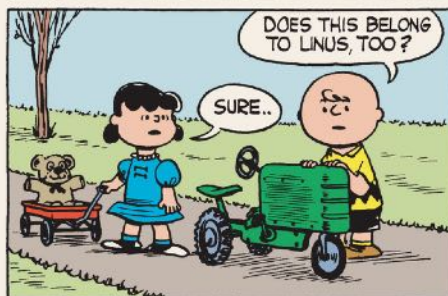


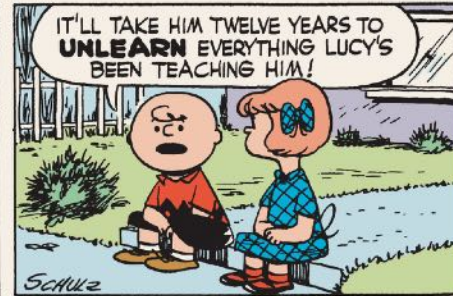


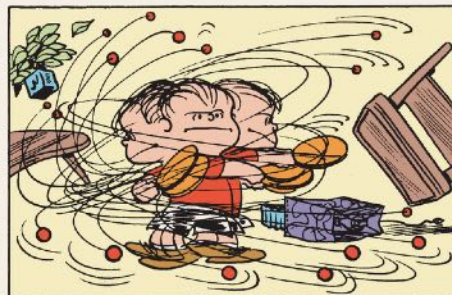
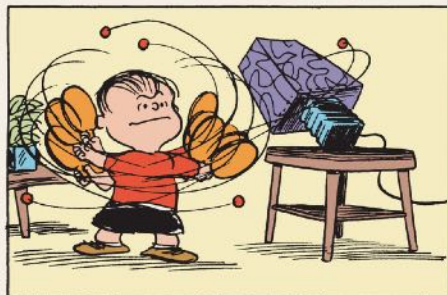
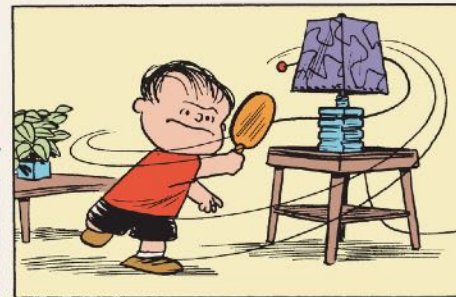
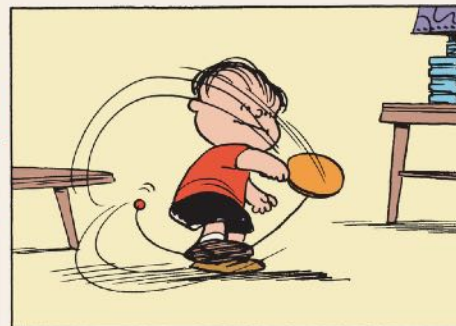


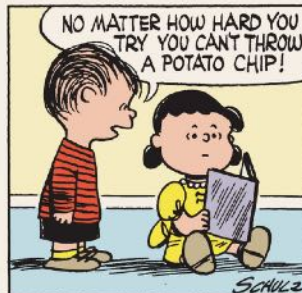
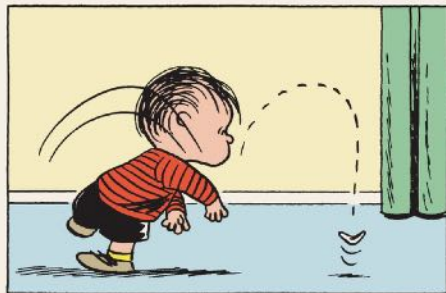






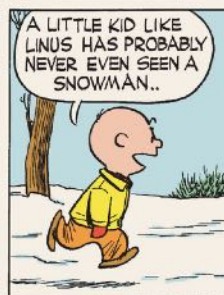


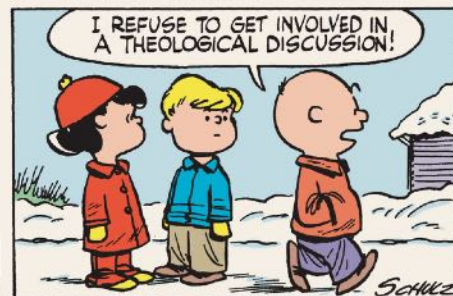




PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ





PEANUTS

ALL OF US GOT NICE THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS EXCEPT HIM...

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF HE'S ONLY A DOG...HE'S OUR FRIEND..

SO YOU SEE, I THOUGHT I'D BETTER TAKE UP A COLLECTION TO GET SNOOPY A LITTLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT..

WHY, HOW NICE!

YES! HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, CHARLIE BROWN!

I'LL BE GLAD TO DONATE A NICKEL ...

I WILL TOO... HERE....

IT'S SO GOOD OF YOU TO BE GOING TO ALL THIS TROUBLE...

YES, AND TO BE TAKING UP YOUR OWN VALUABLE TIME

ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS FIND A STORE THAT'S OPEN..

GEE...THOSE GIRLS SURE SAID SOME NICE THINGS...THEY ALWAYS USED TO MAKE ME FEEL SO INFERIOR... I GUESS THEY DON'T THINK I'M SO BAD AFTER ALL...

BOY, WHAT A DOPE THAT CHARLIE BROWN IS!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

12-25

SCHULZ



Charles M. Schulz was born November 26, 1922 in Minneapolis. His destiny was foreshadowed when an uncle gave him, at the age of two days, the nickname Sparky (after the racehorse Spark Plug in the newspaper strip *Barney Google*).

Schulz grew up in St. Paul. By all accounts, he led an unremarkable, albeit sheltered, childhood. He was an only child, close to both parents, his eventual career path nurtured by his father, who bought four Sunday papers every week — just for the comics.

An outstanding student, he skipped two grades early on, but began to flounder in high school — perhaps not so coincidentally at the same time kids are going through their cruelest, most status-conscious period of socialization. The pain, bitterness, insecurity, and failures chronicled in *Peanuts* appear to have originated from this period of Schulz's life.

Although Schulz enjoyed sports, he also found refuge in solitary activities: reading, drawing, and watching movies. He bought comic books and Big Little Books, pored over the newspaper strips, and copied his favorites — *Buck Rogers*, the Walt Disney characters, *Popeye*, *Tim Tyler's Luck*. He quickly became a connoisseur; his heroes were Milton Caniff, Roy Crane, Hal Foster, and Alex Raymond.

In his senior year in high school, his mother noticed an ad in a local newspaper for a correspondence school, Federal Schools (later called Art Instruction Schools). Schulz passed the talent test, completed the course and began trying, unsuccessfully, to sell gag cartoons to magazines. (His first published drawing was of his dog, Spike, and appeared in a 1937 *Ripley's Believe It Or Not!* installment.)

After World War II had ended and Schulz was discharged from the army, he started submitting gag cartoons to the various magazines of the time; his first breakthrough, however, came when an editor at *Timeless Topix* hired him to letter adventure comics. Soon after that, he was hired by his alma mater, Art Instruction, to correct student lessons returned by mail.

Between 1948 and 1950, he succeeded in selling 17 cartoons to the *Saturday Evening Post* — as well as, to the local *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, a weekly comic feature called *Li'l Folks*. It was run in the women's section and paid \$10 a week. After writing and drawing the feature for two years, Schulz asked for a better location in the paper or for daily exposure, as well as a raise. When he was turned down on all three counts, he quit.

He started submitting strips to the newspaper syndicates. In the Spring of 1950, he received a letter from the United Feature Syndicate, announcing their interest in his submission, *Li'l Folks*. Schulz boarded a train in June for New York City; more interested in doing a strip than a panel, he also brought along the first installments of what would become *Peanuts* — and that was what sold. (The title, which Schulz loathed to his dying day, was imposed by the syndicate). The first *Peanuts* daily appeared October 2, 1950; the first Sunday, January 6, 1952.

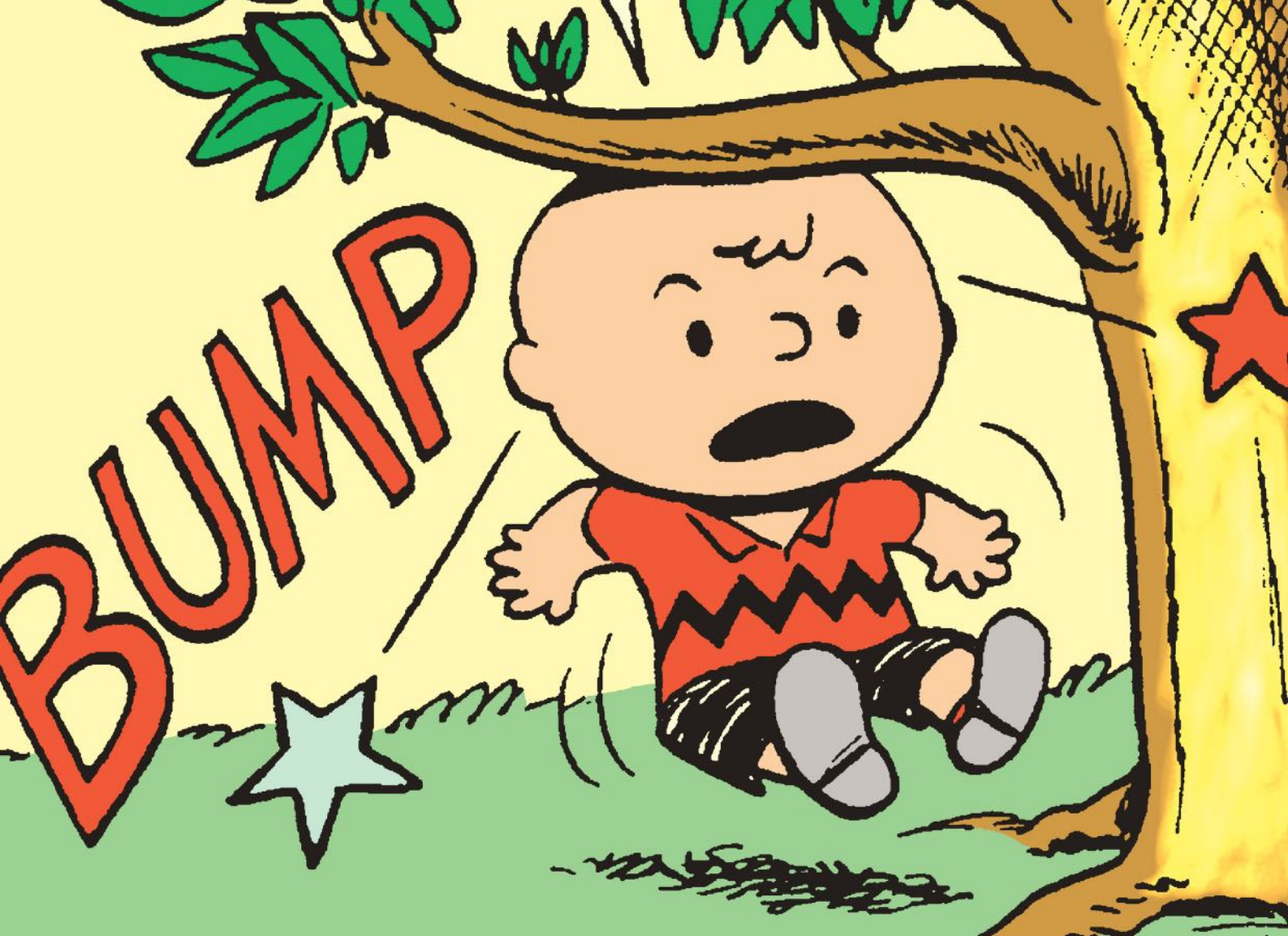
Prior to *Peanuts*, the province of the comics page had been that of gags, social and political observation, domestic comedy, soap opera, and various adventure genres. Although *Peanuts* changed, or evolved, during the 50 years Schulz wrote and drew it, it remained, as it began, an anomaly on the comics page — a comic strip about the interior crises of the cartoonist himself. After a painful divorce in 1973 from which he had not yet recovered, Schulz told a reporter, "Strangely, I've drawn better cartoons in the last six months — or as good as I've ever drawn. I don't know how the human mind works." Surely, it was this kind of humility in the face of profoundly irreducible human question that makes *Peanuts* as universally moving as it is.

Diagnosed with cancer, Schulz retired from *Peanuts* at the end of 1999. He died on February 12th 2000, the day before his last strip was published (and two days before Valentine's Day) — having completed 17,897 daily and Sunday strips, each and every one fully written, drawn, and lettered entirely by his own hand — an unmatched achievement in comics.

—Gary Groth



* SIGH *



PEANUTS

by
SCHULZ

"Charles Schulz was an American Treasure — an artist, philosopher, and keen observer of human life."

—Bill Clinton

This glorious compilation of *Peanuts Every Sunday* is the debut volume that collects, for the first time ever, all the *Peanuts* strips that ran in everyone's newspaper on Sundays — each comic strip reproduced in vibrant, warm full color! In this luxurious hardcover reprinting the years 1952 through 1955, Charles Schulz introduces Schroeder, Lucy, and Linus to his archetypal *Peanuts* cast of Charlie Brown and Snoopy.

